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Vol. XXIV DECEMBER, 1916 No. 2

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor

IN THIS NUMBER

King Henry VIII., His Wives and His Children. Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens and Popes

Editorial Notes and Clippings

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By THOS. E. WATSON

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In the preparation of this work, the author exhausted all the known sources of information, and no work on the subject has superseded his. It is standard, and will remain so.

Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

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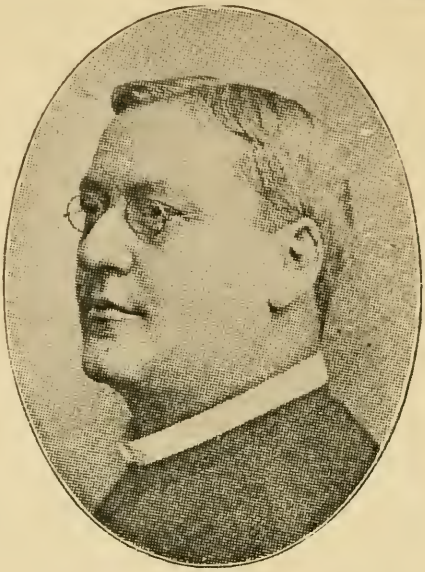

Those Angel Faces.

France d' Ortene.

O, angel faces that shine out of printed page and story
To point us from this vale of tears to heaven's joy and glory,
The rare effulgence that you shed to keep our souls uprising
Proves that as God you dwell midst men in petticoat disguising.

But if I were a grown up man those angel faces shining
Would tell me less of heavenly things and more of feed and wining.
Or if I were a female kind and saw such faces glowing
My instinct would admonish me 'twere high time to be going.

Since I am but a pious soul my head well blessed—but hollow—
With open mouth and tight closed eyes this angel stuff I swallow.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIV DECEMBER, 1916 No. 2

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Also Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

SINCE the preceding chapter was written, I have been able to procure, from London, a copy of an out-of-print book containing "Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries," published by the Camden Society in 1843.

The Letters were edited, from the originals in the British Museum, by Thomas Wright, an eminent scholar.

The volume does not contain the confessions made by monks and nuns, nor does it give the testimony of witnesses as taken down: but the Letters alone would make out a convicting case against Rome's monastic institutions, even if they stood alone.

The Editor's foreword deserves a careful reading:

By much the greater portion of the following letters has been printed from a volume in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum, (MS. Cotton. Cleopatra, E. IV.) composed of letters and documents, which appear to me to have been selected at some early period from the Cromwell papers, so long preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster, and now lodged partly in the Record Office at the Rolls House, and partly in the State Paper Office. I have added to these a few documents taken from other collections in our national repository, and more especially from the Scudamore Papers, lately added to the treasures of the British Museum.

I leave these letters to tell their own story. They throw light on the history of a great event, which changed entirely the face of society in our island, an event which I regarded as the greatest blessing conferred by Providence upon this country since the first introduction of the Christian religion. I will not at present enter into the history of this revolution, but leave the documents for others to comment upon. I have suppressed nothing, for I believe that they contain nothing which is untrue; the monks are but too fully verified by the long chain of historical evidence reaching without interruption from the twelfth century to the sixteenth. Those who have studied in the interior history of this long period of demoralizing effects of the popish system of confession and absolution will find no difficulty in conceiving the facility with which the inmates of the monasteries, at the time of their dissolution, confessed to vices from the very name of which our imagination now recoils. These documents are of peculiar importance amid the religious disputes which at present agitate the world; and I think that even the various lists of the confessions of the monks and nuns of the several religious houses, entitled **comperta**, and preserved in manuscript, ought to be made public. The great cause of the Reformation has been but ill served by concealing the de-

pravities of the system which it overthrew.

The papal press and propagandists in the United States, now so energetically engaged in re-writing and falsifying histories, encyclopedias, biographies, and even theological works of The Fathers, are informing mankind that the English monasteries were suppressed and their lands confiscated, to sate the sordid greed of the nobles.

As the nobility at that time was solidly Roman Catholic, and as these nobles lost many a fair abbey by the confiscations, the Romanist invention of a pretext for the suppression will be seen to be flimsy, on its very face. And when we remember that the suppressions, for which Henry VIII. is arraigned, were begun by Cardinal Wolsey, *who used the proceeds of confiscated monasteries to endow his Ipswich College*, the brazen mendacity of 20th Century Romanism becomes glaring.

Let me illustrate:

As everybody knows, King Henry's young sister, Mary Tudor, married the ageing King of France, to please her brother; and after she had disposed of her decrepit husband, in three or four months, she married young Charles Brandon, to please herself.

She did this in haste, clandestinely, and then wrote her brother about it, reminding him that her first marriage had been *his*, and claiming the right—as per his promise—to have the second for *hers*. It pleased Henry to take a cheerful view of what had happened; and, as he was fonder of Brandon than of any other man, he created him Duke of Suffolk.

(All this occurred "When Knighthood was in Flower," as you may remember because of a novel which was universally read, some years ago.)

Now, when Cardinal Wolsey was suppressing those monasteries which had been convicted of incorrigible lewd living, *the King's own sister*, and her second husband—*the King's bosom friend*—"had to relinquish *to the use of the new college*, (Ipswich) their title deeds to the Priory of Snape, of Sayes Court, and of Bickling.))

(See "Mary Tudor," by M. C. Brown, page 248. Published 1911. London: Methnen & Co. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Could there be stronger evidence, that robbery and plunder were *not* the motives actuating Henry and Wolsey?

Coming to the Letters published by the Camden Society, and passing, for the present, those relating to the curious episode of The Nun of Kent, let us see briefly what they disclose, as to the condition of Rome's monastic institutions in England.

Letter XXI. was written by Henry, the Abbot of Wardon, resigning his position, because he had been unable to keep the monks within the monastery, or to prevail upon them to attend services, or to study the rules and doctrines of their religion. Furthermore, that the monks persisted in having secular *boys*, and in lying at night "in the dortor." (Dormitory.) The disgusted Abbot names the monks who were caught "in a hedge in the vineyard with a brethell (brothel) woman;" and he names other monks who "be common dronkerdes," (drunkards.)

Here was an Abbot who fully agreed with Wolsey and the King, *that monastic vices were rooted in the system;* and he eased the way for the abolition of his monastery by confession and resignation. In this Abbey were incorrigible idleness, ignorance, drunkenness, and sexual debauchery of the most detestable kind.

Letter XXIV. was written by the Rev. Dr. Layton—Catholic, of course—to Thomas Cromwell, after Wolsey's fall, and it relates to the Priory of Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire. At this "religious house," the royal Inspectors found a large supply of "relics," among which were Christ's garment, the Virgin Mary's petticoat, part of The Last Supper, and part of the Manger in which Jesus was born.

With subdued humor, the Inspectors report that the holy prior had "but six children, and but one daughter married." Concerning this amorous Prior, the Reverend Dr. Layton adds—"The pope, consideryng his fragilite, gave hym licens to kepe an hore."

Letter XXVI. from Thomas I. Leigh, Commissioner, to Cromwell, re-

ports the inspection of Riwax, whose Abbot defied the royal summons, and left the place rather than face the Commissioners. "All the country maketh exclamation of this Abbot of Riwax, upon his abominable lying, and extortions by him committed, and also many wrongs to divers miserable persons done," etc.

At the Abbey of Langden, Dr. Layton was met by locked doors and a refusal of admittance. He caused his servants to surround the building, and then, using a pole-ax which he found at hand, he broke the door in pieces, marched in—and "fownde a hore emongiste them then in tha abbottes chambre."

The Doctor left the woman at Dover, to serve eight days in the town calaboose: the Abbot he took to Canterbury, and placed him in prison.

At Burie, it was "confessed and proved, that there was here suche frequence of women, commyng and reassorting to this monastery, *as to no place more.*"

A quaint, strong expression!

No place more frequented by loose women, than this monastery!

The stock of "relics" was unusually rich and nasty, including as it did the parings of Saint Edmund's nails, the handkerchief of Saint Thomas, old skulls which cured headache, "other reliques for rayne, for awoyding wedes in corn, with suche other:" "peces of the holie crosse, able to make a hole crosse of: also the coals on which St. Laurence was toasted withal," in the year of our Lord 258.

(All these were destroyed, as were those kept in Rome, at the time it was sacked by Bourbon's army; but a glorious resurrection has since taken place; and now again the only true Church has at least as much of the Saints, the Crown, and the Cross as it ever possessed.)

Dr. Layton, reporting to Cromwell—Letter XLII.—on the Priory of Gilbertines, states, that he was refused admittance, but insisted and made his entrance. He found two nuns evidently in the family way, one by the monk superior, and the other by a serving man. When Dr. Layton rebuked the prioress for her denials in the case, she excused herself by saying, *that her religion taught her to deny the truth* to all, except a visitor sent by the church. It was her duty to conceal the facts from the Civil power.

At the priory of Harwood, five nuns were found with child by priors: one of the nuns "had two faire chyldren, another one and no mo."

At Newark, Dr. Layton learned that the monks were guilty of "bugrie and adulterie."

Letter XLV. from Dr. Layton to Cromwell, informs the Minister that the convents and monasteries of Yorkshire are as bad as those he investigated in the South of England, if not worse. "We fynde gret corruption," in the head of the Houses and in the members.

The Doctor puts in Latin the more loathsome vices of the monks and nuns; but these unmentionable abominations will be understood by those who have read the Biblical account of the Cities of the Plain. Specifically, Dr. Layton mentions that certain nuns "take potations *ad prolem conceptum opprimendum.*"

An Englishman who knew upon what grounds the action of the King was based, drew up the following summary of the official evidence against the monks and nuns: "He caused visitations to be made of all religious houses . . . . . whereupon was returned the book called the Black Book, expressing of every such house the vile lives and abominable facts, in murders of their brethren, in sodomies, in whoredoms, in destroying children, in forging deeds, and other infinite horrors of life, in so much as dividing of all the religious persons in England into three parts, two of these parts at least were sodomites; and this appeared in writing, with the names of the parties and their facts. This was shown in Parliament."

The statement proceeds to say, that many bishoprics *and colleges* were away from these criminal convents and founded with the possessions taken monasteries. (See page 115, "Letters.")

Let me give you an idea of the unspeakable riches of the Grey Friars of Reading Abbey, and I will then take leave of these "Letters," for the present:

Dr. Layton, reporting to Cromwell, says, in language which I will modernize—"I have sent up the principal relic of idolatry within this realm, *an angel with one wing*, that brought to Caversham *the spear-head that pierced our Savior's side upon the Cross.*"

Other relics were found at Reading, and among them I note—

Two pieces of the True Cross,
One of Saint James's hands,
A bone of Mary Magdalene,
An arm-bone of Mary Salome,
Bones of St. Stephen,
A bone of St. Andrew, and two pieces of his cross,
A bone of St. Anne.

St. Anne was the mother of Mary, and appears to have showered her bones upon modern Europe, with a truly miraculous prodigaliity. Not only has every Continental church got one of Anne's bones, but we have quite a few of them in America. Everywhere that Anne's bones go, miracles sprout up out of the ground.

In the official report of the sales of the goods (furniture, etc.,) of the monasteries, we find an array of cooking utensils, table covers, bed clothes, dishes, platters, pans, vestments, alabaster tables, altars and ornaments, candlesticks, organs, silks and sarcenets, *but almost no books.*

For example, "the library" of Grey Friars sold for 2 shillings, with a cover thrown in. A 50-cent collection of books!

The Austen Friars had a "mass-book, and old hymn books for the choir, but no library books at all. Nevertheless, the Roman propogandists of today are loudly proclaiming the high state of mental culture that existed, *prior* to the Reformation.

According to the historian Martin Hume, who has made special studies of this era in European affairs, the ruin of Queen Anne Boleyn was determined upon by the Duke of Norfolk and the Catholic nobles of his party, because she had disturbed "the traditional policy of the English conservatives," which consisted in holding the balance between the two great Catholic powers of the Continent. When the King of France was at outs with the Emperor, both rivals courted England: when the two Continental monarchs were agreed, both neglected England, and were even ready to combine against her. If the Italian pope cut off Henry VIII., entirely, by excommunication and interdict, he would be isolated: if peace could be patched up between pope and King, then the rivalry of Francis and Charles would automatically restore England to the advantageous position of Umpire. So, at least, reasoned Norfolk and the party of nobles who were devoted to the Roman pontiff. This being so, the destruction of the Queen became in their eyes a necessity of State.

Whether this view of the case explains the sudden and terrible accusations against Anne Boleyn, it is impossible to say, but we would be blind indeed, if we failed to see that the Queen, in her own person, must have seemed to the priests, and the pro-papal nobles *the one great obstacle to a reconciliation between the Church and the King.*

Pope Clement had sweated blood over the questions connected with the Divorce: all Europe had debated the question as to whether Henry's brother had "consummated" his marriage with Catherine: and whether the former pope could legally grant a dispensation for one brother to marry another's widow.

Pope Clement was an Italian and a bastard, and he showed a certain contemptuous impatience with the English monarch, wondering why he didn't put away Catherine, marry Anne, and have done with it.

Why pester the life out of *him*, the pope?

Why cause him to further incense the Emperor, whose armies held Italy prostrate, and who had only allowed pope and cardinals to escape with their lives from the Castle of St. Angelo, after

they had paid a ransom of 400,000 crowns?

Said His troubled Holiness—"The King goes a roundabout way in this affair: if he be convinced in his conscience that his present marriage is void, let him marry again." ("Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne." Vol. I., p. 155.)

Emperor and Pope had lived together for months in the same house in Bologna; they had parcelled Italy between themselves and dependents, without the slightest regard for the interests of Italians: they had agreed that the only remaining Republic on the Peninsular should be stricken down, and put under the heels of the pope's own family: the pope had crowned the Emperor, and the Emperor had kissed the pope's foot and led his horse by the bridle—the pope in the saddle and the Emperor on foot. (This was the last performance of that medieval ceremony.) It was in this environment and under this irresistible influence, that the beleagered pope decided against the remote King, in favor of the present Emperor. (The prohibitory brief against the putting away of Catherine, was signed Jan. 5, 1531.)

Had Henry VIII. treated his marriage with his brother's widow as a nullity, and united himself quietly with Anne Boleyn, it is almost certain that the pope would have ignored the transaction. Not he, but a predecessor, had granted the doubtful Bull of Dispensation: consequently, Henry's re-marriage would have not been a defiance of the reigning pontiff, and it would have been justified by the highest theological authorities of the church.

But the English King had defied Pope Clement, by directing a Catholic Archbishop to decree the Divorce, and he had caused a Catholic Parliament to enact legislation destructive of papal pretensions. Here was the true cause of war. It was not the putting away of one wife and the taking of another, that infuriated the Vatican: it was the deadly blow struck at papal prestige, papal revenues, and papal usurpations.

On May 12, 1533, the pope issued a summons against the King of England, commanding him *to appear and plead in Rome!*

Henry sent Dr. Bonner to the pope, equipped with theological arguments and authorities, demanding an appeal from Clement to a general council of the church. There is nothing that popes so dread and detest, as General Councils; and when Bonner made known the written appeal of Henry, the rage of Clement was extreme. However, he pretended to take the matter under advisement, but after three days told Bonner that the King's appeal was rejected "as frivolous, forbidden, and unlawful."

It is difficult to understand how the dignified appeal to the church's highest tribunal could be described as frivolous, when it was made in due and respectful form, by one of the most powerful Catholic monarchs that ever lived—a monarch who had engaged in the European war at the instance of a pope, and whose book against Luther had won for its author the papal title, "Defender of the Faith."

As to the appeal being forbidden and unlawful, it could only be so held by one who believed that one pope—and the most recent—could change the laws of the church without the sanction of a Council.

At this period, the King of France was the ally of Henry VIII., and he personally urged the pope to grant the appeal; but the pontiff answered that, although Henry "was right and his cause good," it was impossible to decide in his favor, until he had first "acknowledged the papal jurisdiction by some formal act." (See Froude, Vol. II., p. 157 and 157, citing letter of the King of France, etc.)

Francis I. had been in daily association with the pope for three weeks, and his letter to Henry was the result of conversations, private and intimate; therefore, his assurance to the King, of the pope's willingness to comply with Henrys' wishes, if the desired admission of papal authority were made, was no doubt based upon Clement's own statements to Francis.

But the King of England, having not too much confidence in Francis I.,

had none at all in Clement. The pope had trifled with him too often and too long. Henry dreaded another experience in papal intrigue; and he met the overtures of Francis with a flat refusal to humble himself.

And now comes the strange episode which the priests may have modelled upon that of Joan of Arc. In France, an ignorant peasant girl had heard supernatural voices, had been visited and inspired by supernatural beings, and had gone forth from her lowly surroundings to do great deeds. She, inspired by faith in herself, had inspired faith in others—which is the secret of all wonder-working mystics. Joan had virtually changed a reigning dynasty, and liberated her country from a hateful foreign control: apparently, the English priests believed that another peasant girl, properly tutored, might imitate the example of Joan, and revolutionize conditions in another realm.

Elizabeth Barton was a servant of good character, no education, common-place in mind and person, but "subject to strange epileptic fits." In her paroxysms and trances, she spoke of seeing things not present, and told of wondrous deeds done in other places. Having been religiously taught from childhood, her ravings took turns in that direction; and she was thought to "speak words of marvellous holiness, in rebuke of sin and vice."

Elizabeth was servant to Thomas Cobb, a steward of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was natural for tidings of the visions and holy speeches of the girl to soon reach the ears of the prelates.

Ever ready to deepen popular credulity by calling in the supposed supernatural, the priests took the poor, afflicted young woman in hand, determined to use her for their own advantage.

One Doctor Bocking was chosen to train the girl; and he filled her weak head with the silly legends and the fabulous stories about the "Saints," which have so long been shelf-worn wares of the papal imposture. In a short while, she was seeing apparitions, hearing revelations, receiving visits from the Virgin, and all the rest of it.

She was given a nun's cell in the priory of St. Sepulchre, Centerbury; and the fame of her prophecies, oracles, etc., spread throughout England. The priests industriously cultivated both delusions, her own and that of the credudous, so that, not only the common herd, but also the most eminent among the clergy and the laity, were duped.

It was believed that she was taken up into heaven, every two weeks, and there she saw God and the Saints, and heard angelic voices and melodies. The Devil came to her cell, and made indecent proposals, but her chastity was unconquerable; and, in revenge for his defeat, he burnt her hand—as the mark itself proved to all doubting Thomases.

This was the woman—half fraud and half tool—whom the priests selected to play the part of English Joan of Arc, in the effort to save the day for the Church of Rome. She went to the King and told him that God had instructed her to forbid him to divorce Catherine, else he would not reign a month, but should die a villian's death. She was also divinely commanded to tell Henry that he must not deprive the pope of his rights or property, and that he must "destroy all these new folks of opinion and the works of their new learning."

Archbishop Warham either believed, or pretended to believe, in this impostor, and he withdrew a promise he had made to marry the King to Anne Boleyn. The Bishop of Rochester was one of her supporters, and Sir Thomas More encouraged the delusion. The Countess of Salisbury, *the neice of King Edward the Fourth*, involved herself in the conspiracy, of which Elizabeth Barton—called The Nun of Kent—was the perhaps unconscious implement; and so did the Marchioness of Exeter, Sir Thomas Arundel and other Catholic lords.

The worst and most dangerous fea-

ture of it all was, that the ex-Queen Catherine and her daughter, the Princess Mary, were in communication with the Nun.

In the "Letters Relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries," there is a list of 30 of the visions and revelations of this poor victim of monkish arts:

(1.) An angel had appeared to her and given her the commands regarding what she should tell the King, as already stated:

(2.) That she had seen in spirit the King, the Queen and the Earl of Wiltshire standing in a garden together, and while she, the Nun, had been in doubt how to give the King a second warning, in obedience to the command of the same angel, "a little devil stood beside the Queen, and put it into her mind to say this, 'You shall send my father to the Emperor and give him many thousand ducats to have his good will. Go and fear not to show the King this priory token, and bid him take his old wife again, or else, etc.'"

(3.) That when the King was at Calais, she saw the wafer (host) taken from the priest with the blessed blood (wine), and that the angels brought it to her to receive, saying—and the weary scribe adds, "2 sheets would scant write this story."

(4.) That she was commanded to go to the Cardinal (Wolsey) when he was at the height of his prosperity, and show him the two swords, one spiritual and the other temporal, etc.

(5.) That the angel commanded her to warn the Cardinal of his fall, and that he had not done as God commanded concerning the King's marriage, etc.

(6.) That after the Cardinal died, she saw the devils disputing for his soul, and at last, by penance, his soul got into heaven.

(7.) That the angel told her to warn a certain abbot that three of his brethren meant that night to lie with three men's wives.

(10.) That the angel commanded her to go to a certain monk who had a New Testament in English, and bid him burn it.

(15.) That she foretold to Dr. Bocking the hour of his death, and afterwards saw the angels and devils contending for his soul.

(20.) That one time the Devil came into her room, in the likeness of a goodly man, and brought with him a lady, "and before her face had to do with her upon her bed," etc.

(29.) About "a great matter of a golden letter that Mary Magdalen did send, and how the angel commanded her to counterfeit another."

Childishly absurd as all these visions, revelations, and angelic commands are, they are not a whit more so than those upon which have been founded the enormously profitable shrines of the Virgin of Guadaloupe, the Virgin of Lourdes, and similar papal resorts. The apparition of the Virgin was as real to poor Elizabeth Barton's disordered brain, as it could have been to that of Bernadette Soubrious.

The words of the Virgin were not more distinctly heard by the Mexican peasant at Gaudalupe than by the servant girl of Canterbury. The miraculous cure which the Virgin promised and gave to Elizabeth, was quite as truly a veritable cure of a genuine disease, as was the restoration of sight to the "blind man," in Ohio, this year.

The descriptions of cures,—printed by American papers in the 20th Century, and read with shame by people who know how Rome fakes her miraculous performances with nasty old bones, pieces of the True Cross, holy healing waters, etc.—all bear the same family likeness to those of the 16th century and of the Dark Ages. Take the following account of the Nun of Kent's fearful condition and her supernatural recovery:

"And when she was brought thither and laid before the image of our Lady, her face was wonderfully disfigured, her tongue hanging out, and her eyes being in a manner plucked out and laid upon her cheeks, and so greatly deformed. There was then heard a voice speaking within her belly, as it had been in a

tonne, her lips not greatly moving: she all that while continuing by the space of three hours or more in a trance. The which voice, when it told of anything of the joys of heaven, spake so sweetly and so heavenly, that every man was ravished with the hearing thereof; and contrarywise, when it told anything of hell, it spake so horribly and terribly, that it put the hearers in a great fear. It spake also many things for the confirmation of pilgrimages and trentals, hearing of masses and confession, and many other such things. And after she had lyen there a long time, she came to herself again, and was perfectly whole. So this miracle was finished and solemnly sung; and a book was written of all the whole story thereof, and put into print; which ever since that time was commonly sold, and went abroad among the people."

There is not a shadow of a doubt that the common people of England were against the King in the matter of his proceedings against Queen Catherine.

They took the common-sense view, that the two had married in good faith, when young; had lived together many years, as man and wife; had been honored throughout Christendom by Church and State, as having been legally wed; had known together the joys and griefs of having children born to them; and now that the Queen was old, it was no fault of hers: the King ought not to put shame upon her, in her declining years, when she had been for so long his true and faithful wife.

The commons did not take to Anne Boleyn, the young wife. In the eyes of the multitude, she was "an hoore," this idea having been industriously propagated by the priests. There was, consequently, wide-spread discontent and unrest. Rumors of rebellion were in the air. The King was considered by many powerful nobles to have forfeited the crown; and there was a feeling abroad that he would be put out of the way of the Princess Mary, either by assassination, or by an act of God. While this uneasy state of things was threatening an outbreak, two friars, whose mysterious movements cited suspicion, were arrested, and brought before Cromwell.

What happened to the prisoners, and what disclosures they made, if any, is not known; but it was not long afterwards before the Nun and her accomplices were taken into custody. She confessed to her silly frauds, and five monks admitted that they had assisted her in her miracles, apparitions, and revelations. The plot against the King contemplated that the Nun, by her "revelations and divine commands," should so work upon the superstition of the multitude, that there would be an uprising to put an end to his reign, etc.

By act of Parliament, the Nun, and the five friars were condemned to death, and executed. Lesser punishments were inflicted upon others engaged in the conspiracy.

Before her death she was permitted to speak a few words to the people, which at the distance of three centuries will not be read without emotion.

"Hither am I come to die," she said, "and I have not been the only cause of mine own death, which most justly I have deserved; but also I am the cause of the death of all these persons which at this time here suffer. And yet I am not so much to be blamed, **considering that it was well known unto these learned men that I was a poor wench without learning**; and therefore they might have easily perceived that the things which were done by me could not proceed in no such sort; but their capacities and learning could right well judge that they were altogether feigned. **But because the things which I feigned were profitable unto them**, therefore they much praised me, and bare me in hand **that it was the Holy Ghost and not I that did them.** And I being puffed up with their praises, fell into a pride and foolish fantasye with myself, and thought I might feign what I would, which thing hath brought me to this case, and for the which I now cry God and the King's Highness most heartily mercy, and desire all you good people to pray to God to have mercy on me, and on all them that here suffer with me.'

Failing in their effort to make another Joan of Arc out of Elizabeth Barton, the priests and monks attempted a popular movement, which on its face appeared to be a harmless personal appeal to the King, but which concealed the design of a popular insurrection.

Of course, the Romanists found a

holy name to cover the treason, just as they call their American slave-pens "Good Shepherd Houses."

The Pilgrimage of Grace, was the sanctimonious title given to the incipient rebellion, and at its head walked half-a-dozen priests, bearing crucifixes. The banner of the "pilgrims" bore the Cross, and the five wounds of Christ. On the sleeve of each pilgrim was the Emblem of the Party, the Wounds and the name of Jesus.

Their watchwords were, the Restitution of church property and the suppression of heresy. So unsettled and excitable was the great body of the people, that 40,000 men flocked to this new Banner of Christ.

The Archbishop of York and Lord Darcy were at the time in possession of the vast fortress-castle of Pontefract, (or Pomfret) and they not only opened the gates, without a blow, but took the oath demanded by the insurgents. (For this, Lord Darcy afterwards paid with his head: the Archbishop lied out of it.)

The Pilgrim host camped on one side of the little river at Doncaster, and the hasty levies of the King on the other. Had battle been joined, next day, the inferior numbers of royal troops would have been overwhelmed by the mere weight of the rebels. But during the night, there fell a sudden and most copious down-pour of rain, swelling the stream to such an extent that the Pilgrims could not ford it. Consequently, the Duke of Norfolk, the King's leader, had a fine opportunity to parley with Robert Aske, the leader of the insurgents.

The main demands of these rebellious citizens were (1) Restoration of the monastic property, (2) Exemption of the clergy from paying certain taxes to the King, (3) Repeal of the laws which checked the acquisition of land by the Roman church, (4) Dismissal of Cromwell from the privy council, (5) Punishment of the heretical bishops, Cranmer, Latimer and others.

Norfolk parleyed, killed time, held out delusive assurances, and finally prevailed upon the rebels to send messengers to the King, while they themselves dispersed to their homes. The King entertained the messengers two weeks, fed them on fair words, as well as upon more substantial food, completely winning their good will and confidence.

But Henry stood his ground on all his parliamentary measures, and in his formal reply to the insurgents roughly told them that rude, boorish beasts like themselves had no right to say a word about his councillors or his laws. In that age, the common people were expected to pay taxes, feed the rich, fight the King's battles, and to thank God for being allowed to live.

Once more, the priests and the lay leaders mustered their hosts, but by this time differences and distrust had arisen among them. Divided counsels and lack of united action led the whole movement to ruin. Only one skirmish took place between the royalists and the rebels, the former being easily victorious. Many of the clergy and the laity were put to death after speedy trial, and many of "the rabble" were butchered without any farce of legal procedure. But it cannot be doubted that a daring and capable leader, at the beginning, might have marched triumphantly to London, and tragically ended the reign of Henry VIII.

I have purposely finished with the episodes of The Nun of Kent and The Pilgrimage of Grace, somewhat out of their order, because of their origin, and because they illustrate the disturbances caused by King Henry's putting away his rigidly orthodox wife, and wedding a suspected heretic, even before Archbishop Cranmer had schismatically annulled the first marriage.

Let us now turn our attention to Anne Boleyn, whose slender neck had been shorn by the headsman's axe, before the poor victims of priestly plot had paid the extreme penalty for their share in the rebellious outbreaks which for a time endangered the throne.

Remember that Anne Boleyn was, in part, *French*, by blood and by train-

ing. She lost her mother when a child, and the place of this mother was taken by a French governess, Sir Thomas Boleyn—Anne's father—having married again, his second wife being much below his family in social station. This second wife appears to have broken up the home-life of the motherless girl, for we are told, in Strickland's "Queens of England," that "when her father was at court and elsewhere Anne constantly corresponded with him." These letters were "written by her own hand, both in her own language *and in French*."

(Italics mine: please observe the recurrence of the *French note* in Anne's life.)

In September 1514, the girl was chosen to be one of the suite of the Princess Mary Tudor, who was going into France to marry Louis XII. The fact that Anne Boleyn was selected for this honorary escort of King Henry's sister, would seem to indicate that she was well known as an accomplished and thoroughly respectable young woman.

Anne was present when the nuptials of Louis and Mary were solemnized, with all possible pomp, in the church at Abbeville; and when the French monarch, next day, dismissed Mary's numerous and splendid attendants, male and female, he excepted three ladies from his sudden and dismaying decree—and one of the ladies who were not ordered back to England, was Anne Boleyn.

This would seem to imply that Ann was either an especial favorite of Mary Tudor, or that she had found distinguished favor in the eyes of Louis XII., and this may have been due to the fact that she was perfectly at home in talking French.

When the King of France soon afterwards died, and his widow returned home, as the wife of Charles Brandon, Anne Boleyn remained in France, where she became one of the ladies attendant upon Queen Claude, whose husband, Francis I., had succeeded Louis XII.

The Viscount Chateaubriant, in describing the pretty young English maid of honor, said that she sang like a second Orpheus, danced with infinite grace, played better than King David on the harp, besides performing delightfully on the flute and the three-stringed violin. She was an expert in all fashionable games, dressed with exquisite taste, etc.

Thrown from the sombre seclusion of an English country-house into the most brilliant and dissipated court in Europe, Anne Boleyn may have gone too far in her gallantries—as some chronicles allege—or her fondness for praise, her love of music, dancing and pleasure may have merely seemed to be too excessive: at any rate, she passed without public scandal from the service of the Queen into that of the King's sister, Margaret.

In 1521, when Anne was about twenty years of age, she returned to England; and, whether the King had seen her or not at "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," she soon drew from him the compliment that "she had the wit of an angel and was worthy of a crown."

In person, she was tall and slender, most graceful of deportment; with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow. Her figure, otherwise beautifully proportioned, was blemished slightly by a large mole on her throat—a strawberry birthmark—and a "malformation of the little finger of the left hand, on which there was a double nail, with something like an indication of a sixth finger." (She concealed the mole with an ornamental collar-band: the finger, with long sleeves.)

Her manner was at once gracious, cheerful, and majestic; her voice, whether in speaking or singing, was "exquisitely sweet." (Strickland's Queens, pages 132 and 133.)

So fascinating in all womanly ways was Anne Boleyn, that she captured the heart of Henry Percy, eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, and heir to the vast estates of this illustrious house.

It appears to be certain that she loved the young nobleman and had promised to marry him. But the King,

who wanted her for himself, set Cardinal Wolsey to work, and that unscrupulous, but most astute prelate, managed so well that he fairly frightened Percy into taking to wife Mary Talbot—selected for him by the harsh paternal Duke. (1523.) It is quite possible that Wolsey and the King would have discovered that Percy was a traitor, deserving of death, had he not abandoned his first love, Anne Boleyn. In fact, Wolsey had hinted to the young man something of that kind. (Strickland's Queens. Vols. 4 and 5, pages 135 and 6.)

So keenly was Anne disappointed by the desertion of her lover, that she refused to see the King when he came to Hever Castle, and asked for her; and, during the four years following. there is no evidence of Anne having been at Court. So far as we know, those were years of grief and loneliness: they were certainly not years of revelry and dissipation.

To this period belongs the story vouched for by four of original authorities, that the King made improper proposals to the resentful beauty, and met with a firm refusal: "Your wife I cannot be, both in respect to my unworthiness and because you have a queen already. Your mistress I will not be."

Here was a young and most alluring woman, some 25 years old, of whom the King had been enamored for several years; and when he offers to make her his queen on the left hand, after the royal manners of that age, she proudly repulses him; yet even so intelligent a historian as James Anthony Froude, becomes convinced that, in a very short time, she who had spurned the King's illicit love, not only practisel polyandry with the youths of her train, but wallowed in incest with her own brother.

But, say the historians, Anne was shrewd, calculating, far-seeing: she withheld her favors, to heat the King's desire; and her plan, all along, was to become Queen. Such a theory loses sight of the fact that Anne was not a wise woman, nor a cold and calculating nature: she was quick, light, emotional, good-hearted, good natured, mentally bright, but not deep nor reflective. Such a theory also loses sight of the more important *element of uncertainty*, as to what the pope—on the one hand—and the King, on the other, would do, in the matter of the Divorce.

How could Anne foresee that which Wolsey could not; and how could she base crafty conduct upon the happening of events not even anticipated by the wiliest politicians of the Vatican?

When Madame Recamier repelled the overtures of Napoelon, Europe gave the credit to her *virtue*: why should Anne Boleyn be considered a courtesan at heart, even when repulsing Henry?

Defeated in his personal suit, the King began to write love letters to Anne, and the originals of these amorous missives can yet be seen in the Vatican. They abound in passionate pleadings that she will consent to become his concubine.

In one of them, he says—

"But if you please to do the duty of a true and loyal mistress, and to give up yourself, heart and person, to me . . . . I promise you that . . . . I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you, ... and serving you only," etc.

The eager monarch tells her that if she does not wish to give him her consent by letter, to name some time and place where he can meet her in person.

When you bear in mind that the Divorce and re-marriage did not take place until *six years later*, you will, I am sure, feel the less inclined to scout the idea that Anne's virtuous conduct was not dictated by virtuous principles.

According to an original authority—Strype—the first introduction of Tyndale's translation of the Bible into England, was while Anne Boleyn's influence was supreme at court. She herself had a copy which she loaned to one of her attendant ladies—Mistress Gaynsford—from whose hands it was one day snatched in playfulness by her sweet-heart, George Zouch. Happening to take it with him to service in the chapel, he began to read it, and became so in-

terested that he attracted the attention of the deacon, who took the book out of Zouch's hand to see what it was.

Indignant at the appearance of the detested and accursed heretic translation, in a Romish chapel, the priest carried away the volume, and sent it to Cardinal Wolsey.

When Anne Boleyn was told what had become of her English Bible, she went to the King, related the facts, and asked that Wolsey be compelled to return her book. The request was granted, and it is said that she prevailed upon Henry to read the Book himself. Anne's copy of Tyndale's translation is still in existence, and I, for one, would sooner doff my hat and bow my head to it, than to any other volume in all the world's libraries—for it cost the intrepid Tyndale his life and had much to do with the cruel fate of Anne Boleyn, who was indeed the first of all the crowned heads to protect and encourage the Protestants.

There is yet preserved a letter bearing the signature of "Anne the Queen," ordering the protection of a merchant who had imported into England from Holland some copies of the Tyndale Bible.

To my mind, that signature is at least as glorious, and as brave, as any attached to Magna Charta, for at that time it was at the risk of life that these Bibles were brought into England.

In Strickland's "Queens of England," we read:

> The change that had taken place in the manners of Anne Boleyn and her court has been attributed to the influence of the celebrated reformer, Hugh Latimer. The queen had rescued this eloquent and zealous minister from the durance to which Stokesley, bishop of London, had committed him. But for the powerful protection of Anne, Latimer would, in all probability, have been called to testify the sincerity of his principles at the stake five-and-twenty years before he was clothed with the fiery robes of martyrdom. At her earnest solicitation the king interposed, and Latimer was restored to liberty. The queen next expressed a wish to see and hear the rescued preacher; and Latimer, instead of addressing his royal patroness in the language of servile adulation, reminded her of the vanity of earthly greatness and the delusions of human hopes and expectations. Anne listened with humility, and entreated him to point out whatever appeared amiss in her conduct and deportment. Latimer, in reply, seriously represented to her how much it behoved her, not only to impress the duties of morality and piety on her attendants, but to enforce her precepts by example. Anne, far from being offended at his sincerity, appointed him for one of her chaplains, and afterwards obtained his promotion to the see of Worcester. To her credit, it is also recorded, that she directed a certain sum, from her privy purse, to be distributed to every village in England for the relief of its distressed inhabitants. With greater wisdom she planned the institution of a variety of manufactures ,with a view of giving more permanent assistance to those who were destitute of a livelihood, and without employment. For the last nine months of her life she distributed 14,000l. in alms; she also caused many promising youths to be educated, and sent to college, at her expense, with the intention of rendering their talents and learning serviceable in the church.

The foregoing does not picture a frivolous woman. A Queen who was eager for the new learning and Gospel, zealous for the unemployed, creative in the founding of manufactures, diligent in good works, was assuredly not the type of wife that one would easily believe guilty of monstrous vices. Fourteen thousand pounds in the money of that period, would be equivalent to about $840,000 in our time: does any royal personage of today lay out so much, during nine months, in alms, in establishing schools, and in sending bright boys to college?

In contrast to Anne's serious and intellectual pursuits, and her preference for the noble discourses of the learned Latimer, consider the following description of the average Catholic homily:

> The priestcraft employed appears to have been precisely such as, till lately, existed in all Catholic countries, and consisted of pretensions to miraculous relics, and other preternatural agencies. Four times every year was pronounced a curse against certain offences. The sermons were sometimes plain, practical discourses, but frequently interlarded with legends calculated to nourish a servile devotion to the priests. In a sermon against irreverence, is introduced an anecdote of St. Austin, who "having found two women prating together, saw that the Fiend sat in their necks, writing on a great roll

what the women said; and letting it fall, Austin went and took it up, and having asked the women what they talked, they said their Paternoster; then Austin read the roll, and there was never a good word in it." In a sermon on burying the dead, the following anecdotes were given of spirits:—"Many walk on nights, when buried in holy place; but that is not long of the Fiend, but the grace of God to get them help: and some be guilty, and have no rest. Four men stole an Abbot"s ox to their larder; the Abbot did a sentence, and cursed them: so three of them were shriven, and asked mercy; the fourth died, and was not assoiled, and had not forgiveness; so when he was dead, the spirit went by night and feared all the people about, that none durst walk after sundown. Then, as the parish priest went a-nigh with God's body to housel a sick man, this spirit went with him, and told him what he was, and why he walked, and prayed the priest to go to his wife that they should go both to the Abbot, to make him amends for the trespass, and go to assoil him, for he might have no rest: and anon the Abbot assoiled him, and he went to rest and joy for overmore." The drift of such discourses was obviously to keep the people in ignorance and subjection to the will of their priests. The people were also told, that "lewd men and women to dispute of this sacrament are utterly forbidden; for it is enough for them to believe as holy church teacheth."

King Henry did not improve with age. Quick tempered and headstrong from his youth up, his imperious spirit grew more and more intolerant of the least resistance. No one around him dared to show opposition to his will. When Sir Thomas More lost his head for questioning the ecclesiastical supremacy of the monarch, nobody of lower degree was encouraged to become quizzical. When the new pope, Paul III., sent a cardinal's hat to Bishop Fisher, without asking the King's consent, the King savagely retorted, that Fisher "shall have no head to wear it;" and he quickly had the Bishop"s head cut off. When Paul heard of this, he actually wept with rage and shame. All Europe was startled into realizing, that Henry VIII. had become the terrible exponent of a revolutionary change in the old relations between Church and State.

No longer did the King dance with the villagers on the green, play single-stick with yeomen, ride gaily in the tournament, and race after hounds and stag: he was grown stout, unweildy, and when he now shot deer, it was from his "stand," as they were driven past. Whether he had become a great eater and heavy drinker, we are not positively told, but his increasing bulk, and the incurable ulcers which afterwards broke out upon his legs, would indicate something of the kind.

Of the birth of Anne's daughter Elizabeth, mention has already been made. In 1535, she again became pregnant, and in January 1536, she prematurely gave birth to a dead son. There appears to be the best of authority for believing that this calamity was due to the shock felt by the Queen at suddenly coming upon the King, when he had Jane Seymour in his lap, fondling her. This demure and pleasing young woman had been thrust forward, by the Catholic party, to tempt the passions of Henry, at a time when Anne was far gone toward motherhood. At the sight of the indecent dalliance of these two, in the palace, the Queen went into hysterics, and her miscarriage followed.

Like an intensely selfish man, the King blamed Anne for the loss of his son, was brutal to her in speech and manner, and did not again live with her as his wife. In secret, he began to deplore his marriage, and to say that his infatuation for Anne had been the result of "sorcery." (Hume: Wives of Henry VIII., page 264.)

At this time, the combination against the Queen consisted of the Spanish ambassador, who represented the hatred of the imperial house of Hapsburg; the proselytes of Loyola, not yet known as Jesuits; the reactionary Catholic nobility; the Duke of Norfolk, who was a rigid papist and a personal enemy to his neice, the Queen; the Seymour connection, who saw their own advantage in the elevation of the placidly seductive Jane; and, finally, Thomas Cromwell, the minister who found himself suddenly menaced by the conspiracy against Anne, supported as it was by the King's aversion to his Queen and his longing for Jane.

The historian, Martin Hume, says

that the destruction of Anne had become necessary to Cromwell; and that it was the minister who, as we would now say, "framed up" the case against her. Cromwell had kindled Henry's displeasure by leaning too far in favor of a compromise with the pope; and he was in such dismay, that he had gone to bed, giving out word that he was ill. Racking his brain for a plan which would rid the King of Anne, and thereby restore the disgraced minister to favor, it occurred to him that the Queen might be plausibly accused of criminal intimacy with a young fellow named Mark Smeaton, one of the King's grooms of the chamber, and a skilled player on the lute, who by reason of his position and of the Queen's delight in listening to his music, was constantly in the private apartments, even when the King was absent.

It is said that Smeaton had been buying fine horses, and indulging in other extravagances not warranted by his slender pay. This fact, coupled with the freedom of his manners with the Queen, had apparently caused some tattle in the court circle, and Cromwell caught at it. He invited Smeaton to dine with him, and when the young man stepped into the room, six armed men closed around him. Entrapped, powerless, and terrified, Smeaton was asked by Cromwell where he had got the money he had been spending so freely. We are not told what answer he gave at first. Did he win it gaming? Had some rich mistress among the ladies at court given it to him? Had he borrowed it? Had his people been liberal in his allowance? We do not know. This whole tragedy of Anne Boleyn is covered with a veil that cannot be lifted.

Hume quotes the Spanish Chronicle —which states that Cromwell *tortured* Smeaton, and drew from him the confession—"*The Queen gave me the money.*"

Further torment is said to have wrung from the helpless wretch a confession involving himself, and three other young men of the palace!

Whatever the confession was, Cromwell at once sent a written report of it to the King, who was at Greenwich with the Queen attending a tournament.

Henry glanced at the paper, abruptly rose from his seat beside his wife, left the sports without a word to her, rode off in haste to London, to put into fiercely energetic action the crude machinery which was to give some slight color of legality to as foul a murder as any man ever perpetrated.

He did not show the letter to Anne, seated at his side: did not ask her a single question: gave her no chance whatever for her life: but abandoned her, as a convicted felon, doomed to speedy death, before he had even learned under what circumstances Smeaton had accused her. It is said that he had indecently rejoiced, when Catherine died; but in that case he did not, at least, do the actual killing.

I have carefully gone over every known account of Queen Anne's trial: have brought to bear upon it my experience as a lawyer who, for more than twenty years, was engaged in all manner of murder cases; and I can say, with a clear conscience, that there wasn't enough evidence against this unfortunate woman to have caused her to be "bound over," at a preliminary "commitment trial."

There was absolutely no legal testimony against her, at all.

The very next morning, after her brutal husband left her side at Greenwich, he had her dragged before her judges, chief of whom was her personal enemy, the Duke of Norfolk. From the beginning these "Royal Commissioners" treated her as a convicted, doomed adulteress. Her uncle grossly insulted her, and lied to her, in the evident expectation of inveigling her into a self-criminating statement; but she indignantly cried out against the accusations, protesting her amazement and her innocence. But she was hurried off to the Tower, and on the 16th day after King and Queen had sat side by side in the gallery at Greenwich, watching the contests of gay and gallant riders, the King signed the death-warrant of the Queen; and, two days

later, "the French executioner . . . . swinging the heavy blade around, in an instant cut through the erect, slender neck: and the head of Anne Boleyn jerked from the shoulders and rolled upon the cloth that covered the platform." (Hume: p. 287.)

Mr. Froude gravely says—in his Vol. II., page 473—"The discovery of the indictment disposes at once of Burnet's legend, that the Queen was condemned upon heresay evidence; or that her guilt was conjectured from an exaggerated report of foolish conversations."

How does the discovery of the indictment dispose of Burnet's legend? Every other historian, excepting Froude, agrees with Bishop Burnet. With one accord they say that there is no record of any legal evidence against Anne Boleyn. The latest of them all is Martin Hume, and he is by no means a champion of Anne, but he asserts, "There was not an atom of evidence worth the name to support any of the charges, except the doubtful confession of Smeaton, wrung from him by torture"—*and consequently inadmissible*, under modern statutes.

What is a historian, like Froude, thinking about, when he offers the indictment as evidence of guilt?

That is exactly what Froude does, and all he does: he offers nothing else. And even this pitiful attempt at justifying the King, is made more ludicrous by Froude's statement, that "*If* there was evidence, it must have been close, elaborate, and minute; if there was none, *these judges*, these (grand) juries and noblemen, *were accomplices of the King* in a murder, perhaps the most revolting which was ever committed."

Of all the lame reasoning of unlawyer like historians, that specimen is surely the lamest.

Let it be remembered that Henry VIII., Cromwell, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Catholic party in general, had the most powerful motives for putting upon record, for all time, the evidence of the Queen's guilt.

Let it also be remembered that Bloody Queen Mary likewise had the same motive, to clear the memory of her father and the record of her church. Yet the archives, which faithfully preserved *the indictment*, lost absolutely everything else.

What is the natural inference?

That there was no legal evidence to be preserved.

Not a single witness was confronted with Anne, nor does it appear that she was permitted to call witnesses in her defense. She had no counsel; she had no part in the formation of the panel of Catholic lords who tried her: she was not even allowed to know in detail the alleged evidence against her.

The terrible charge of incest with her brother is admitted to have rested upon no other evidence than that he had been seen in her bedroom, leaning over her bed, and that upon one occasion he was alone with her in her room "a long time."

As to the other young men, the testimony brought out nothing except the fact that Anne loved flatteries and attentions, to an extent not customary among married women *in England.*

To one who has read much in French histories, biographies, and Memoirs, the Queen's conduct appears *Frenchy*, but not improper, much less immoral. She could not altogether rid herself of French manners after so long a residence at the French court, *during the formative period of her youth.*

In her eyes, there was not the slightest indecorum in receiving her brother in her bed room.

In France, the finest ladies were in the habit of entertaining visitors while in bed. These customs lasted until the Revolution of 1789. In the Memoirs of the Duke St. Simon, he speaks of his marriage and then adds, that his wife went to bed to receive company!

Fashionable women in France often had gentlemen callers in their boudoirs of mornings, while they were dressing and completing their toilet. Anne Boleyn had grown up amid that kind of thing, and considered it perfectly good breeding.

But in England manners have always been governed by different canons of taste; and while English women allowed themselves liberties which the

French did not take, they did not tolerate those which were permissible in France.

In other words, the only evidence against Anne Boleyn was that which convicted her of having French manners in the English court.

It is a suspicious circumstance, that Smeaton was the last of the condemned to be executed. It is possible that his confession might have been withdrawn, had he been sent to the scaffold at first. He may have hoped to the last that he had saved *his* life, by confessing away the lives of the others.

I need hardly add, that in our day Smeaton's statement, even if voluntary, would have required very strong corroboration, before it would have authorized a conviction; and that the utter improbability of a child-bearing Queen having five lovers at the same time, and one of them her brother, would so impress a grand-jury, that the most positive and direct evidence would be indispensably requisite to the finding of a true bill.

Mr. Froude publishes the indictment, in full—Vol. II., pages 471 and 2—and it never occurred to him that *the dates* of the alleged criminal acts excite incredulity. Thus the Queen is accused of adultery with Henry Norris, on Oct. 6, 1533, *thirty days after she had given birth to Elizabeth!* She had not then left her lying-in apartment.

Norris, a gentleman of the best repute, was one of the jousters at that May-day tournament at Greenwich. He was offered his life, if he would confess, and he spurned the offer, saying he would not purchase it at the cost of so foul a lie on the Queen.

Another count in the indictment charged her with having seduced her brother *in November* 1535, when she was so far gone in pregnancy, that her still-born son came *in January*, following!

When I think of the palace gossip and the light vanities which brought Anne Boleyn's head to the block in 1536, a page in the Memoirs of the Baron De Rimini recurs to me: it tells of an incident in the life of an Empress who was considered chaste, whose name never gave rein to the tongue of scandal; and who is still living, no longer a crowned head, but a universally respected woman, Eugenie, formerly the consort of the Emperor Napoleon III.

The page reads:

COMTE DE GLAVES.

This young Count was also a Spaniard. In 1848 he lived at No. 20, Rue de la Madeleine. Being a grandee and very rich, he lived well, having a box at the Opera and the Italiens; he was one of the lions of the Jockey Club. His house, which was elegantly furnished, was the rendezvous of the cream of French aristocracy. Monsieur de Glimes, Madame de Montijo, and the future Empress were his very assiduous visitors.

The gossips of the quarter declare that the young Duchess de Theba Eugenie Montijo often went there.

Some time after the Imperial wedding, while leading a quadrille, the noble Castilian slipped and fell on the Tuileries floor, and fractured his left leg. The music stopped at once, and the dancers ceased. The Empress hastened to the injured man, and, with a burst of kindness, insisted upon having an apartment prepared for him in the palace of the Kings of France.

One evening Napoleon went to the Empress's apartment. She was not there. Returning to his own room the Emperor passed the sick man's apartments, whence issued joyous bursts of laughter.

Two hours later a police agent took possession of de Glaves, crippled as he was, and conducted him to the Spanish frontier. He hinted to him that the French empire was from that time forth closed to him.

Some years ago, the Empress of the French thought she would like once more to see the house in which she had passed her youth. There, one reception day, the former Tuileries dancer (Count de Glaves) tried to introduce himself. But Count de Lagrange (by order of his master) forbade him to enter.

Next morning the Spanish newspapers announced that the Chamberlain Lagrange had said—

"If you pass the door, I have orders to blow your brains out."

The above facts certainly do not prove that the Castilian Count and the young Spanish Duchess had done anything wrong; but upon slighter testimony, Henry VIII. put his Queen to death.

To the end of time, fair minded

people will remember that the noble lords who condemned this Protestant benefactor and protector, were the extremest Roman Catholics: that two of the most powerful members of this panel of aristocratic jurors—all chosen by the King—were Anne's mortal enemies; and that one of them, the Duke of Suffolk, was the King's brother-in-law, while another, the Duke of Richmond, was the King's bastard son!

Here was a picture of the workings of the "double standard of morals," such as the world had never seen before, and will—let us hope—never see again: *a King's bastard son condemning to death, for adultery, the King's lawful wife.*

Heroes

Ralph M. Thomson

A toast I drink, but not to that crowned one
Whom Fame has pampered, and in whose proud wake,
In token of the many battles won,
The people follow, and obeisance make;

To him who fails, and, yet, who neither sighs
At his defeat, nor envies Fortune's men;
Who, phœnix-like, from ashes dares to rise,
And soar aloft, with heart to do again!

The Woman of Babylon.

Joseph Hocking.

This Story will be Issued in Book Form. Back numbers of the Magazine cannot be supplied.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TAKING THE WHITE VEIL.

Joyce had not long been awake before she realised that it was to be a great day at the convent. She saw that many priests were arriving, while in the corridors there was a rustle of robes which, while exceedingly pleasant, was very strange. She quickly realised, too, that she was an object of special solicitude. The Mother Superior was more than ordinarily gracious, while large bundles of clothing were brought to her.

"My child," said the Reverend Mother, "you should be very happy today, for you are to take another step towards becoming a spouse of Jesus Christ."

"Thank you, Reverend Mother," said Joyce.

"You have no doubts, my child—no fears? You want to leave the world with all its sins."

"Yes," said Joyce, with a sob in her throat.

"And you do not want to go back to your father, who would place temptation in your way, even if he were led to forgive you; nor the man who——"

"No, Reverend Mother—no!"

The nun smiled. The sensitive, broken-hearted child had become like wax in her hands. The influences of the convent had become stronger and stronger, and it seemed to her to be a sin to have a desire other than that of the Mother Superior.

"And you are ready for Holy Communion, my child?'

"Yes, Reverend Mother; I trust so."

"Examine your heart well, my child, and see if there be a vestige of the world remaining. If there is, crush it, destroy it. Think, my child, think. Have you destroyed love for friends, relations, and the sins of the flesh? Have you subdued rebellious thoughts? Does your heart still long for sinful love? Has the world any hold upon you? Remember the vow of the religious, that wondrous threefold vow—Poverty, Chastity, Religion. You will not take it today; you will only prepare for it. But you know what it means. Poverty—that means that you renounce all your worldly goods to the Church."

"But I have none," said Joyce. "Oh, I wish I had, so that I might show how real was my devotion, and how gladly I would give it up to God."

"Ah, that is well," said the nun; "that is well. As I told you, you are taken here without any dowry. All the same, when the time comes, you will have to sign a paper giving all you may possess to your Order."

"But as I do not possess anything——"

"You will sign it, to show how completely you desire to give all to God."

"Yes," said Joyce; "I understand."

"Then there is Chastity. You understand that the religious must know nothing of carnal love. They are wedded to Christ alone, and to Him they must give all their thought, their devotion, their love."

"Oh, yes," said Joyce with a shudder. In her mind she saw Ned Harrington leading the woman of whom she had been told to the altar.

"Then there is Obedience. You understand what that means, my child? You have listened to your instructions—you have read the books which have been given to you?"

"Yes, Reverend Mother, I have read them; I will be very obedient."

After this Joyce partook of the Holy Communion, and then prepared to go into the church, where a number of priests and faithful Romanists had congregated. During this preparation, the girl seemed like one in a dream, and her heart seemed dead within her. She had not realised the joy she expected when she had received the communion. Try as she would, she could not believe that the priest had changed the elements into the real body and blood of Christ. She felt it was a sin to doubt, and yet she did doubt. Everything was unreal to her; even the ceremony in which she was to take so important a part was unreal. In spite of herself, her heart longed for the old, pure, sweet life at home. She longed to look into her father's face, and to hear him say he had forgiven her. When she thought of Harrington it was to feel a dull pain at her heart. He had forgottten her, and had bestowed his thoughts on another.

But she did not think of rebellion, or of asking for a postponement of the ceremony. The chains which had been fastened upon her for more than a year and a half had become too strong for that. The influences of the convent school in Bruges had prepared the way, and then those terrible interviews with Ritzoom when the Jesuit had bent her like a rod, had made it impossible for her to think of rebellion. Her sensitive nature had yielded to the seductive influences of priestcraft. From the moment she had been taught to believe that the Roman Catholic religion was the only true religion, and that the priest was the mouthpiece of God, the rest had become only a matter of time. Little by little had the chains been tightened; little by little had her fears of disobeying the Church grown stronger.

By nature she was a strong, self-reliant girl, but the seeds which had been sown had grown in virgin soil. When she had gone to the school in Bruges, her mind was practically a blank in relation to religion. Her father had taught her to be good, and truthful, and pure; he had taught her to love God, and regard Christ as her great example, and that was all. She knew nothing of dogma, she thought nothing of churches. All who tried to be good belonged to

God; but at Bruges she had been taught differently. She had been led to believe that religion was a kind of mechanical thing, centred in a Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and that she must enter this Church to find salvation. Thus the reign of the priest began, and thus, although her heart cried out against it, she could not but obey Father Kitzoom when he told her her duty. And now several months at the convent had made her subservient to the will of those who, she believed, had a mandate from God, and spoke with the voice of God. She was prepared to take the white veil, although the thought of it was filled with an undefinable terror.

Presently she was clothed with a rich, white silk dress. It was the dress of the world which she must presently renounce. She knew she ought to hate it, but she did not. To her it seemed like a wedding garment, and it made her think of the dreams which had come to her after she had promised to be the wife of Ned Harrington.

When she had been duly attired in the robes of the world, she was led to the outer choir, where a number of nuns and novices had gathered. They were all clad in their church cloaks, and each of them bore a lighted candle in their hands. The nuns on the right hand held the candle in the right hand; those on the other side bore theirs in the left.

Joyce looked around her awestruck, for she remembered now the meaning of what she was doing. She was saying bood-bye to the world. Near her was the Mother Superior, who gave her a meaning nod.

Her limbs almost refused to obey her will, as she tried to take her first step forward; nevertheless, she crept slowly to the Reverend Mother, and fell at her feet.

"Bless me, Reverend Mother!" she sobbed. In the chapel near by she heard strains of music, while the sweet smell of flowers was wafted to her, and then the events of her past life seemed far away —it was to her as a tale that was told.

The Mother Superior lifted her hands, and pronounced a blessing upon the prostrate girl.

"And what name am I to receive in religion?" she asked, remembering that this was a question expected of her.

"Thou shalt be named Ursula, after the blessed Saint Ursula," replied the nun.

Within the chapel the Bishop and his assistants made ready for the coming of the young girl who that day was to be "clothed," and when all was prepared, the chantress commencing singing the hymn, "O Gloriosa Virginum," the strains of which the choir took up, and which echoed sweetly throughout the chapel and into the outer choir where Joyce was.

She had been told that on such occasions as these the father and mother and friends of the postulant often gathered, so that they might be present to behold their dear one dedicate herself to the holy life; but she knew that none of her friends would be there. No one knew where she was; none of them, except her mother, cared. Oh, if she could only see her father's kind eyes, and know that he had forgiven her!

The first verse of the hymn had scarcely finished when those in the outer choir began to march into the chapel in solemn procession.

First of all, one went bearing a cross, and after the cross went the postulants, two by two. These were young girls, who, like herself, had been preparing for the ceremony in which she was about to take such an important part. After the postulants marched the novices, they who had already taken the white veil; and after the novices walked the professed nuns.

Joyce saw them march forward, bearing their lighted candles, while throughout the chapel echoed the strains of the hymn. The solemnity of her act was laying hold of her at last; and when at length she stood between the Mother Superior and the Mother Assistant, she felt that she was indeed bidding good-bye to the world for ever. When they arrived at the doorway which separated the choir from the chapel, and could see the casket containing the sacrament, she felt her knees tremble beneath her; so much so that, had it not been her duty to fall on her knees, she would have done so out of pure weakness.

Presently, a sense of great loneliness possessed her. The Mother Superior and the Assistant Mother had left her kneeling alone before the sacrament, and as she knelt she felt that she had no friend on earth. She hardly noticed that the Bishop, whose mitre had been taken off by the attendant, began to sing and to pray; and when he began to bless a wax candle and to incense it, and to sprinkle it with holy water, she wondered what her father and Ned Harrington would think if they were present. It was all very strange. She had been told all about it before, and yet when she saw the Bishop coming towards her, the lighted candle in his hand, it seemed almost like play-acting, so much was her mind unhinged by what she saw and felt. Nevertheless, she kissed the Bishop's hand, and received the candle as she had been told she should.

Her heart grew cold when the Bishop began to pray. She did not quite know the meaning of the words, but the tones of the man's voice thrilled her. Around her were priests and nuns and novices; the altar was laden with flowers, and their perfume, mingling with the odour of incense, almost intoxicated her.

Yes, doubt had gone at last. Surely this act must be pleasing to the Holy Virgin and her Blessed Son. How could it be otherwise? Was she not laying her all before the altar?

The Bishop said some words in Latin which she scarcely understood. She believed they meant that she was to accept the light of the candle as a sign of inward light, and that this light was to expel all darkness. She prayed that it might be so, and that she might enter into the joys of the religious.

"For ever and ever, Amen."

The prayer had finished, and Joyce rose from her knees. When she was seated in the choir she looked around. Above her were the vaulted arches of the church, while nuns and priests filled the building.

A sermon followed, but she did not know what it was about. It did not matter; she was leaving the world, she was renouncing its sins, she was to find rest. Her heart was aching, but all doubt had gone. Was she not pleasing the blessed Virgin? Was she not renouncing the life which the great God gave her? The love of home, the affection of brothers and sisters, the kisses of mother and father, the gladness of friendship, and all the things which the

human heart craves for, were no longer for her. She would never hear the laughter of children or feel the joys of motherhood. She was taking her first step towards death. Let the sun shine and the flowers bloom; let the west winds blow and the birds sing; let lovers rejoice, and children prattle—she renounced them all. Nay, more, she renounced her will, her personality. She had no longer to think for herself; it was for the priest, the confessor, the Mother Superior to command, and for her to obey. No matter how unreasonable, how cruel the commands might be, she must still obey, for she had been made to believe that they spoke with the voice of God.

The sermon finished, the Mother Superior and the Mother Assistant conducted her to the gate between the choir and the altar; here she knelt down.

She had learnt her part, and so, when the Bishop said to her, "My child, what do you demand?" she replied clearly, "The Mercy of God and the Holy Habit of Religion."

"It is with your own free will and consent you demand the Holy Habit of Religion?"

She lifted her eyes to the kindly face of the Bishop, but she looked beyond him. Not far distant she saw the large, strong face, and the deep, unfathomable eyes of Ritzoom. In an instant those terrible interviews flashed back to her mind. She remembered that he, when her heart was crying out for the man she loved, had told her that this love was a sin, and that if she would save her soul she must leave the world and its temptations. The man had bent and swayed her like the wind bends and sways a rush growing in a marsh. He had made her fear the future, he had mastered her by his own dominant personality. And yet she had left home and come hither of her own accord, ay, and now that she had heard of Harrington's faithlessness, she longed with a great longing to forget him.

All this flashed through her mind in a moment.

"Yes, my lord," she said clearly.

"Reverend Mother," said the Bishop, turning to the Mother Superior, "have you made the necessary inquiries, and are you satisfied?"

The Mother Superior's face was very pale, and she looked with pitiful eyes on the young girl kneeling before the Bishop. But she had received her commands; this young girl was to be saved from the world.

"Yes, my lord," she replied.

"My child," said the Bishop, turning to Joyce again, "have you a firm intention to persevere in religion to the end of your life? And do you hope to have sufficient strength to carry constantly the sweet yoke of our Lord Jesus Christ, solely for the love and fear of God?"

"Relying on the mercy of God, I hope to be able to do so."

The Bishop's mitre was then taken off, and, rising to his feet, he said in Latin:

"What God has commenced in you, may He make perfect."

"Amen," sobbed Joyce.

"May the Lord banish from you the old man with his works."

"Amen,"' she replied.

She felt that the life of the world was receding farther and farther away, especially as, being led away, the secular dress was taken from her, and the habit of a novice, being sprinkled with holy water and incensed, was brought to her. While she was being robed with the novice's habit, she could hear them singing in the chapel. Now and then the words came to her:

"*For lo, mine enemies make a tumult:*
And they that hate Thee have lifted up the head.
They have taken crafty counsel against Thy people,
And consulted against Thy hidden ones."

What did it all mean? It sounded very beautiful, but who were the enemies of God? Who were they who took crafty counsel against the people of God? Did they mean her father and Harrington? She supposed it must be so. She knew they were singing from the Psalms, but she was sure they must mean her father and the man whose lips had met hers.

"*O my God, make them like a wheel;*
As the stubble before the wind,
As the fire burneth a wood,
And as the flames setteth the mountains on fire:
So persecute them with Thy tempest,
And make them afraid with Thy storm.
Fill their faces with shame,
That they may seek Thy name, O Lord.
Let them be confounded, and troubled for ever;
Yea, let them be put to shame and perish,
That men may know that Thou,
Whose name alone is JEHOVAH, art the most high over all the earth."

Was this awful doom to come upon her father and Harrington? She had been told again and again that they were enemies of God and of the Church, and now the Church was praying for their destruction. Still, it was all in the far distance. She felt like one dreaming rather than as one who acted according to her own will.

She re-entered the choir, bearing a lighted candle in her hand, while on either side of her was the Reverend Mother Superior and the Mother Assistant. Her heart gave a great leap, for the choir burst forth in a glad strain of music.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they?

Surely that meant her. Her garments were made white in the blood of the Lamb. It was such as she that the Blessed Apostle saw in his vision. Her heart thrilled with ecstatic joy as she received a girdle from the Bishop; her body quivered with emotion as the Mother Superior girded her with it. Ah! surely here was joy untold. She did not hear the Bishop's prayer; enough for her to be girded with the cincture of her holy attire!

Again she knelt, while the Bishop placed the white veil upon her, saying in Latin:

"Receive the white veil, the emblem of inward purity, that thou

mayst follow the Lamb without spot, and mayst walk with Him in white, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

After this she remembered but little. The intoxication of the ceremony possessed her. To those who might have watched the proceedings it might be either an empty ceremony on the one hand, or cruel and unnatural on the other; but to Joyce, who for weeks had been preparing for this, who had fasted and prayed till she was almost faint from exhaustion, and was only upheld by excitement, who had sought to work herself into a condition of fervour, who had been made to believe that by this means she was saving her soul, to Joyce it was a great wonder.

Almost unconsciously, she bowed before the Mother Superior and genuflected before the sacrament, and the Bishop's voice sounded far off and unreal as he, spreading his hands over her, said aloud:

"*Dominus Vobiscum.*"

She was still in a state of blissful intoxication. Music and flowers, incense and holy water, lighted candles and solemn processions, suppressed sobbing among the postulants and novices, and the chanting of prayers by the priests, had done their work. It was all wonderful; and when, after being sprinkled with holy water, and the Mother Superior had embraced her, she felt that all her burdens were rolled away, that she had indeed takn her place among the holy ones of God.

Thus Joyce became a novice. So far Father Ritzoom had his way. She had taken the second step towards being a nun, and he saw by her face that she had entered into the ecstasy which he had promised her.

"The end is not yet," he mused when the ceremony was over. "Presently a reaction will set in. She will be depressed and downhearted; she will think of the old life at home—and then? Well, she is safe here. She can never get away."

"That was a beautiful girl, Ritzoom," said a brother priest to him as they sat drinking their wine and smoking their cigars after dinner that day.

"Yes, a beautiful girl."

"I doubt, though, if she'll become a professed nun."

"Why?"

"Oh, there's something in her eyes that betokens a strong will, a spirit of determination."

"Many a will has been broken, and many a determined spirit has been subdued, in a convent," said Ritzoom.

"Yes, but she strikes mme as different from the general order of girls who go into religion."

"Perhaps she is."

"Plenty of money, I suppose?"

"Not a penny."

"What?"

"Not a penny."

"But expectations, eh? Oh, I know she's one of your *protegees.* It was through you she came here."

Ritzoom looked at the other steadily; not a muscle of his face moved; his deep, unfathomable eyes seemed to read the other's soul. Nevertheless, the man to whom he spoke seemed to understand him.

"Tell me, Ritzoom," he said.

"No, I shall not."

"Why?"

"I am afraid."

"You afraid?"

"Yes, I."

"What, afraid to trust me?"

"I am afraid to trust myself—I am afraid of everything. I wish this ceremony could have taken place in private, although I have taken every precaution against anything like general publicity. I am afraid, because, although I have the whip-hand at present, a man who is as clever as myself is seeking to outwit me."

"What is he—a brother?"

"No, a lover."

"A strong man, as well as a clever one?"

"Yes; one of those quiet, dogged Englishmen who never confesses defeat."

"And the girl—does she still love him?"

"I don't know—yet."

"Ritzoom, I see trouble."

"So do I; but I see something more."

"What? Victory, I suppose?"

"More than that."

"What do you see, then?"

"A million of money."

"You are joking."

"I never joke," said Ritzoom quietly.

CHAPTER XXV.

RAYMOND AND HARRINGTON.

"Well, Ned?"

"Nothing, my friend—nothing."

"Not a word, not a sign, not a trace of any sort?"

"No, Walter, not a vestige of a clue."

"And more than a year has gone. Great God, can it be possible? We have searched for her for more than a year, and without effect. I did hope that we were on the right track this time."

"I thought it possible, but I was not so hopeful as you. You see ,as time passes away our chances grow less, our work more difficult."

"I wish I could have gone with you; but I had work to do—work that was very important, and——"

"You have already given more time than you ought, my friend. You have made yourself an old man in a year trying to find her."

"Yes, God knows I have. Oh, I was so hopeful, so certain at first, but now, after a year, and every effort has proved to be vain, I feel as though there is nothing for it but to give up."

"I shall never give up," said Ned Harrington, quietly.

Walter Raymond looked at his friend affectionately. He noted

the lines on the young barrister's face and the weariness of his eyes. He knew, too, the journeys Harrington had taken, of the time he had devoted to his search. Much as he, her father, loved his child, the love of this man seemed stronger than his own.

"No, I shall never give up," he repeated.

"That's just like you, Ned, and I daresay I am a good deal of a coward; but I feel the terror of the thing even more than you. I see the daily effects of priestcraft in my home. As a matter of fact, I have no home. My wife and I scarcely ever speak to each other now. Ever since my boy Walter has preferred to obey me rather than the priest, she is bitterer than ever. As for the girls, they continue to avoid me."

"I thought you said you would leave the neighbourhood of Battersea," said Harrington.

"Yes, but on thinking it all out I found that nothing would be gained by doing so. My wife is just a slave to the priests. What they command she does, and thus I should do no good by going away. You see, I must live in the neighbourhood of London—my practice demands it. Well, suppose I went to St. Albans, or Epping, or Croydon, it would make no difference. My wife is not a child, and, much as I hate her creeds, I cannot act the part of a tyrant. She must believe in what religion she will—I cannot stop her."

"But the girls?"

"Both of them declared that if I sent them to a Protestant school they would run away. Their minds are completely poisoned against me; their mother has made them believe that I am a kind of anti-Christ. You see, I can do nothing. I send them both to a high school where there is no religious bias, but I know that they go to the man Brandon for confession; I know they are regular devotees to the Church. They are taught not to obey me because I am an enemy to religion; and they obey their mother, who is bound hand and foot by the priest. But I do believe I have saved young Walter."

"That's good."

"Yes, I suppose there is something more robust, something more matter-of-fact about a boy. Anyhow, he pays no heed to the priests, and when he was at home went with me to hear a preacher who hates sacerdotalism. Oh, he is a good boy. For a time he was afraid of Brandon. Being baptised into the Roman Church, Brandon and Kelly were able to hold a kind of curse over his head; but he told me about it, and after that he quickly told Brandon that he preferred obeying his father to obeying him. But the boy suffers all sorts of persecution when he is at home.

"Yes, as soon as he was in the house they were at him. That was why I sent him away to school. He's alright now, and as happy as the day is long. His letters are my only earthly joy. I think the experiences of his home will make him a Protestant lecturer when he grows up. He sees what it all means—he sees that the priest has come between his mother and his father, between me and my children; he sees that all trust, all love, all home life is gone; that, through the priest, our home is broken up."

"And you have told them about Joyce?"

"Yes, I told them. I could not let them go on believing in what

was wrong. Of course the girls rejoice and almost envy their sister; but young Walter—well, he is all the other way. And yet, you know, we cannot prove that she's in one of these places."

"No," said Harrington; "we can prove nothing—yet. But we will, my friend, we will."

"That's right," said Raymond. "I am glad you keep hopeful, even although I cannot. Still, one thing comforts me: the world knows nothing about it—it is not talked about in the newspapers."

"The children say nothing, I suppose?"

"No, I told them to say nothing about it. You have not heard any gossip, have you?"

"Oh, no. The whole business is unknown, utterly unknown. Sometimes I think we have done wrong in keeping it quiet."

"I could not bear the affair to be made public, old man—I could not, indeed. Besides, what good would it do? You see, we cannot prove that she's gone to a convent or a religious institution of any sort."

"No, that's the worst of it. Of course, we have no doubt about it; but to prove it is another matter. As you know, I've visited many of these places; I have asked questions, but I have had no right to search. I've only been allowed to see the rooms to which seculars are admitted. You see, many of these convents belong to what are called 'enclosed orders.' A man I know told me the other day that when he went to see his daughters he was only allowed to see them through an iron grille. He said they only stayed a minute. They asked no questions, and answered only very evasively what he asked them. He is a Catholic too."

"Did they tell him whether they were happy, and whether they were kindly treated?"

"Oh, of course. They dare not do otherwise. When a girl is once in one of these places she is bound body and soul. In the Confessional her Father Confessor can probe her conscience, and question her upon the minutest details of her life, and if she deliberately withholds anything in making her confession she would be guilty of mortal sin, and she would not be absolved by the words pronounced by the priest at her absolution. Besides this, she has a director of conscience, who may meet her in the parlor and direct her in regard to her intentions and actions, and here the priest is not bound by the seal of the confessional. Well, under these circumstances, what chance has she? She breathes the very atmosphere of priestcraft; she is taught that it is her bounden duty to confess everything, and to obey in everytthing. Disobedience is the worst form of sin, and every letter is read by the Superior. How, then, could she dare to make known where she was? If she rebelled, then the girl would enter a period of persecution. Oh, the system of convent life is complete; there is no loophole anywhere."

"But they can escape?"

"How can they? The Superior holds the keys. Besides, they are made to fear the anger of the Church and the power of the priest, and they are there through the most impressionable years of their lives. They are taught to fear and obey these men and women ecclesiastics as though they were God Himself. If they even desire to escape it is their duty to confess it."

"But there are some who are sane enough to learn to laugh at the whole business."

"Yes, and what then?"

"They can escape."

"Yes, a few have escaped from the convents of active orders, and we know the revelations they have made; but from those of enclosed orders escape is next to impossible. Their wills, their desires, are subservient to those of their superiors. Besides, girls of strong wills are watched closely. When a father can only speak to his child through a grille, that child might as well be in prison for all chance there is of escape. I tell you, this is what the last twelve months have taught me. When a girl enters a convent she becomes part of a carefully-thought-out system, and it is only in rare instances she breaks through that system, unless outside influences are brought to bear."

"Yes, and there is the difficulty."

"There is the difficulty, as you say. In our case, although we've searched high and low, we are no nearer now than we were a year ago. By this time Joyce must be completely under the dominion of the conventual system, unless she asserts her Protestant nature and early education. If she does that, she will be closely safeguarded. Our experience and my inquiries during the last year have taught us that the only means of escaping conventual life, when the authorities are determined to keep a girl in it, is by publicity, and that, you say, Joyce is incapable of."

"I never knew her tell a lie or act deceitfully in my life," said Walter Raymond fervently. "Joyce was always the very soul of truth."

"I believe you," said Ned Harrington, with lover-like faith. "Then, you know," he went on, "it is a rule in many convents for those who join the community to give up the name by which she was christened—gives up her sur-name, and adopts the name of some saint. So that, even if we were pretty sure that Joyce was at some particular convent, and we went and asked to see her, the authorities would feel justified in saying she was not there. From this standpoint they would be speaking the truth, even although they knew they were deceiving you. They would say that there was, canonically, no Joyce Raymond; that she had ceased to be when she became Sister Maria, or Sister Theresa, or Sister Winnifred, after same soint or other."

"Ned, my friend, you are just confirming me in my despair. Sometimes I think I shall go mad."

"But I do not despair," said Ned Harrington. "I believe that whatever motives they had in inducing her to go to a convent, those motives will at some time necessitate their making her whereabouts known."

The two men were sitting in Walter Raymond's office. More than a year had passed since Harrington had received the telegram which had brought him from Plymouth to London. During that year both these men had bent all their energies to finding Joyce's whereabouts. They had followed a scsore of clues, they had visited dozens of conventual institutions, they had assumed many disguises, and had spent time, energy, and money without stint; but all in vain.

They had interrogated Father Brandon, who denied all knowledge of her whereabouts, and indignantly refused to be questioned concerning her departure. They had set men to keep a watch on Father Ritzoom, they had used many means to surprise him into a confession; but all in vain. The fate of Joyce seemed a sealed book. Mrs. Raymond, on her part, declared that she was totally and entirely ignorant of her daughter's whereabouts. Walter Raymond had extracted from her the confession that she believed that she had gone into religion, and that she herself had done her best in persuading Joyce to take this step; but where she was, she declared she was willing to swear on the Cross that she did not know. She might be in Great Britain or Ireland, or she might be at some place on the Continent; she had no idea. She declared, moreover, that her only reason for acting as she had acted was for the sake of Joyce's soul, and that if like circumstances occurred again, she would repeat her action. She grew hysterical when talking about this, and declared that she would a thousand times rather see her child in her coffin than the wife of a heretic like Ned Harrington.

Every road, then, had ended in a *cul-de-sac*—there was no thoroughfare anywhere. Harrington had just returned from a lonely convent in Wales, where he had reason to believe that a young girl had been taken, but after the most minute and searching inquiries he had been led to the coonclusion that this girl had no connection with Joyce. Not that he was sure; he could not be. He knew every time he visited a convent there were dozens of rooms which he had not entered. Moreover, the Mother Superiors would seem to have reason on their side if they declared that no man could with propriety enter the private cells of the religious. If the Government had refused to allow public officials to enter, what chance was there for a Protestant stranger to make anything like a satisfactory examination? He had no doubt but that the authorities had been warned against both him and Walter Raymond, and he felt that he was powerless in every direction.

And yet he did not give up hope. He felt sure that everything was a carefully worked-out scheme, and, clever as Ritzoom and his satellites might be, they could not at some time avoid disclosing Joyce's whereabouts. Even then they would be safe from the law. As a devotee to the Church she would, if need be, swear that she went into religion willingly; and even although she might be led to confess that Ritzoom had sought to influence her in this direction, no English judge would regard him as guilty of a criminal offence. All the same, the truth must come to light at some time, and then would be his opportunity.

"Let's go and get some dinner, Ned."

"Where, Walter?"

"I don't mind. I don't feel like going home. As I told you, my house is no longer home to me. My wife insists on rendering an exact account of her expenditure every week as though she were a housekeeper; she asks for a certain sum to cover the expenses of herself and the girls, and beyond that she leaves me severely alone."

"Does Brandon visit your house?"

"Oh, yes; I have given orders that I do not wish a priest to enter, but what is the use? I have discharged two servants for conniving at the visits of these fellows; but I have given up hope now.

Walter is away at school, and Joyce—oh, my poor little Joyce! Let's go to dinner somewhere, Ned. Come to my club."

"I say, Walter, listen to this."

"What it is, Ned?"

"It's about a case tried yesterday; it may interest you. Listen:

"'Sir G—— B—— concluded yesterday the hearing of a probate case in which Father T—— A——, a Roman Catholic priest, of St. Mary's Church, W——, was the defendant. By a codicil in her will, the late Miss S—— F—— T—— left Mr. P——, a solicitor, and the plaintiff in this case, the income of £1,500, the capital on his death to go to Father A——, her confessor, for the benefit of his Church.

"'The codicil was made when Miss T—— was in a dying condition, and Mr. P—— opposed probate on the ground that she could not have known the contents of the document.

"'In cross-examination, Father A—— said *it was probable* he told Mr. P—— the codicil was *prepared by a solicitor.* As a fact, he wrote it himself at the request of Miss T——. He knew that before the codicil was made the testatrix was lying in a soporific condition. He said that if she were nudged she might arouse herself. Before he drew up the codicil for her, he confessed her. That was five minutes after he got into the house. He also administered the communion. He now realised that it would have been better to put in the codicil that the money was given in trust, but he was in a hurry when he drew it up.

"'Mr. P——, K.C.: I have no doubt you were. She might have flickered off at any moment.

"'In stating the case against the codicil, Mr. P—— said in 1900 Miss T—— told Mr. P—— she was going to benefit him and his family as her oldest friends. Mr. P—— said in that case he could have nothing to do with the drafting of the will, and she must get another solicitor. Another solicitor was employed, and Mr. P—— had nothing whatever to do with the preparation of the will.

"'Sir G—— B——, in summing up, said, with regard to the evidence of Father A——, it was remarkable that a person of his profession and culture *should have shuffled and prevaricated as he had done.* In the box he was apparently afraid to give a straightforward and direct answer to almost any question. That was a sight not pleasant to contemplate in a man in his position.

"'In the result, the jury found that the codicil was duly executed, but that the testatrix was not of a sound mind, *and did not know and approve* of its contents.

"'The president pronounced against the codicil, and in favour of the will, and ordered that costs should follow the event.'" *

"Yes," said Raymond, when Harrington had finished reading, "it's all of a piece."

"You see," said Harrington, "that the priest fellow was willing to prevaricate to any extent to get this money. The capital of £1,500 a year is a good sum. He went to her when she was in a soporific condition and prepared this codicil, telling the real heir to the money that the codicil was probably prepared by a solicitor, whereas the fellow wrote it himself."

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* The above is an extract from a London daily paper.

"What are you driving at, Ned?"

"I'm wanting you to see that it was money, and not souls, that the fellow was aiming at."

"Of course."

"This is one of many similar cases. In this case, of course, the priest missed his mark, but it is not always so. I saw a case the other day where a nun who, on taking her vows, made over everything she possessed to her Order, became heiress to a large sum of money."

"Of course, everything went to the Order?"

"Everything."

"If Joyce had money, or were the possible heiress of money, I could understand; but she hasn't a penny."

"No," said Harrington quietly. "Walter, I don't feel like going to your club to dinner; it is a gloomy place. Let us go to a cheerful restaurant—say the Holborn, or the Trocadero, or the Criterion."

"Very well," said Raymond; "I don't mind where it is."

They went out into the street and walked westward. A few minutes later they reached a fashionable restaurant, and entered. A band was playing in the orchestra, and a gaily-dressed crowd were seated at the tables.

"Here's an empty table," said Harrington; "we can have a good view of the whole place from here."

They took their seats and gave their order. Close by was a table seated for six. Evidently it was to be presently occupied by some party. An air of luxury pervaded the place, the perfume of exotic flowers was wafted everywhere, the music was sweet and seductive.

The waiter had only just brought them their soup when the people for whom the adjoining table had been reserved entered and took their places. Evidently it was a family party, who had met there to dine before going to some place of amusement. It consisted of a man and his wife, three children, and a young woman who evidently acted in the capacity of nurse or governess. The man was evidently a prosperous and contented man, who was bent on giving the party a pleasant evening. The table was close to them, and only partly hidden by a screen, which had been placed between the two.

"Yes, we'll take the dinner, if you please," he said to the waiter. "I'll leave the selection of the dishes to you. You know what it best. You have the reputation of giving the best dinner in London, and I'm going to see if you deserve it."

He laugher heartily as he said this, giving an affectionate look to his family.

"Now, Miss Robinson, you must make the most of this free night. You must forget your duties as governess. We are all going to have a pleasant evening. This is rather different from a convent, eh?" And he glanced around on the luxurious appointments of the restaurant.

"Yes," said the governess to whom he had spoken. "I wonder what the Mother Superior would say if she saw me here?"

The man laughed pleasantly.

"How long it is since you left?" he asked.

"Six months ago. I was ill for three months after I left."

"You had no vocation, eh?"

"No; while they believed my uncle was rich, and was leaving me all his money, they said I had. I was terribly rebellious, and so I had to mortify myself by whipping mmyself and starving; but when it came out that my uncle died a poor man, and that I had nothing, they came to the conclusion that I had no vocation."

"Ha—ha!" laughed the man. He evidently had but little sympathy with the conventual life.

"A poor girl took the white veil the day I left," went on the governess; "at least, I suppose she did. She told me that she had neither money nor expectations of any. So I suppose they make a difference. I did feel sorry for her. She was such a beautiful girl—not twenty, I should think. I tried to find out who she was; but I could not. She was not allowed to hold any communication with us. I am sure that there was some mystery about her: she had such a sad look in her eyes."

Walter Raymond heard every word; he could not help it. The man spoke loudly, and every word of the girl reached them plainly. Of course, there was nothing very special in the occurrence. Many girls had gone to a convent, and then, not having a vocation, had come back to the world and had taken a situation. Nevertheless, Raymond and Harrington were greatly interested in what they heard.

"I'll try and get a word with them before they leave," said Ned Harrington.

Walter Raymond shook his head. He had been disappointed too often to build much upon such a conversation. A moment later both of them gave a start, for they saw Father Ritzoom and Father Brandon walk into the restaurant.

(To be continued.)

A Baptist Preacher's Survey of the Roman Catholic System

No Oaths Binding.

The Revised Statutes of the United States say: "The alien seeking citizenship must make an oath to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, State or sovereignty, in particular that to which he has been subject." But Rome declares this oath is not binding if it is contrary to her claims. That Catholicism claims that oaths are not always binding can be proved from many sources.

The following is a portion of the Canon Law of Rome: "No oaths are to be kept if they are against the interests of the Church of Rome." (Corpus Juris Canonici, Leipsic edition, 1839, tom. ii., p. 1159). And, again: "Oaths which are against the Church of Rome are not to be called oaths, but perjuries." (Ibid, p. 358).

Bishop English, Charleston, S. C., in explaining and defending these Canons, says: "These are the principles which I have been taught from Roman Catholic authors, by Roman Catholic professors; they are the principles which I find recognized in all enactments and interpretations of Councils in the Roman Catholic Church, from the Council of Jerusalem, held by the apostles, down to the present day." (Letters Concerning the Roman Chancery, p. 158).

Cardinal Manning put his imprimatur upon these words of the Rev. F. X. Schouppe: "The civil laws are binding on the conscience only so long as they are conformable to the rights of the Catholic Church."

The Roman Catholic Profession of Faith approved by the Council which met in Baltimore in 1884, contains the following oath of allegiance to the pope: "And I pledge and swear true obedience to the Roman Pontiff, vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor of the blessed Peter, prince of the apostles." (Acta et Decreta Concilii, Baltimorensis III., p. liii., Baltimore, 1886).

Liguori, the great Roman Catholic authority, in his treatise on oaths (Question 4), asks if it is allowable to use ambiguity, or equivocal words, to deceive, etc., and answers in these words, as translated from the Latin: "It is certain, and

the opinion of all theologians, that for good reasons one may be permitted to use equivocations and to maintain them by oath; and, by 'good reasons,' we mean all that can do any good to the body or the soul."

Sanchez, a very renowned author, in his work on "Morality and Precepts of the Decalogue" (Op. Moral. Precept. Decal., part 2, book 3, chap. 6, No. 13), thus decides: "It is lawful to use ambiguous terms to give the impression a different sense from that which you understood yourself. A person may take an oath that he has not done such a thing, though in fact he has, by saaying to himself, it was not done on a specified day, or before he was born, or by concealing any other similar circumstance, which gives another meaning to it. This is extremely convenient, and is always very just, when necessary to your health, honor or prosperity." "A man who makes, whether sincerely or in dissimulation, a contract of marriage, is dispensed by any motive from accomplishing his purpose." And again, on page 30: "So often as it is lawful in our own defense to use equivocations, they may be used; though he who examines us do press us to answer him without making use of this very equivocation."

St. Thomas Aquinas says: "As for an oath made for a good and legitimate object, it seems that there should be no power capable of annulling it. However, when it is for the good of the public, a matter which comes under the immediate jurisdiction of the pope, who has the supreme power over the Church, the pope has the full power to release from that oath." (St. Thomas, Quest. 89, Art. 9, Vol. IV).

The Council of Constance, held in 1414, declared that "any person who has promised security to heretics shall not be obliged to keep his promise, by whatever he may be engaged."

It is in consequence of that principle that no faith must be kept with heretics; that John Huss was publicly burned on the scaffold, the 6th of July, 1415, in the city of Constance, though he had a safe passport from the emperor.

Dens, another high authority in the Church of Rome, says: "It has undoubtedly become the settled law of the Roman Church that the pope may dispense with any promissory oath, by withdrawing the promise or prohibiting its performance." (Papacy and Civil Power, note to page 560).

The Lateran Council—infallible, like the pope—has said: "They are not to be called oaths, but rather perjury, which are in opposition to the welfare of the Church and the enactment of the Holy Fathers."

In an encyclical letter of November 7, 1885, Leo XIII., as reported by cable to the New York *Herald*, said: "We exhort all Catholics to devote careful attention to public matters, and take part in all municipal affairs and elections, and all public services, meetings and gatherings. *All Catholics*

must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in countries where they live. *All Catholics should exert their power to cause the constitutions of States to be modeled on the principles of the true Church.*" "If the Catholics are idle," says the same pope, "the reins of power will easily be gained by persons whose opinions can surely afford little prospect of welfare. Hence Catholics have just reasons to enter into political life; * * * having in mind the purpose of introducing the wholesome life blood of Catholic wisdom and virtue into the whole system of the State. All Catholics who are worthy of the name must * * * work to the end that every State be made conformable to the Christian model we have described." (Muller, in Roman Catholic Catechism, No. IV., pp. 250 to 252).

Traitors.

5. Roman Catholics have been traitors to the United States government. This was true in the Mexican war. Col. Edwin Sherman gives this account: "During the Mexican war there was circulated among our army propositions to those who were Roman Catholic soldiers to desert. Those who belonged to the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery, were to receive payment in lands and money and everything else accordingly. One man by the name of Riley deserted before hostilities broke out, and others followed him. Then, after the battle of Monterey, and after fifteen thousand men under an armistice were allowed to pass out, carrying their arms with them, fifty of those Roman Catholic deserters led the Mexican army out. It was with great difficulty that our men could be prevented from shooting them, but the armistice had to be kept. When our division was called from Monterey, and Taylor's line on the Rio Grande, to go to the south from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, we found ourselves confronted by deserters from our own ranks—a complete battalion, known as the Legion of San Patricio (St. Patrick) composed of deserters from our army—and Riley, a Brigadier General, commanding them.

"At that time the United States was appealed to and they moved the batteries from their ships of war and filled them with provisions for starving Ireland; and at this time, these men, deluded by priests of their faith to violate their oaths, ungratefully, in our own clothing and with our arms—at the battle of Cherubusco, near the City of Mexico—turned upon their former comrades and laid them low. It was impossible to estimate the feeling of our men. At one time muskets were thrown aside, and simply with the bayonet alone in hand, we met the enemy and captured over sixty of these deserters. There came an armistice, and during that armistice they were duly tried by court-martial, and, at Miscoac,

in the presence of both armies, we hung thirty-two in good order."

The Roman Catholic authorities played traitor to the government of the United States during the civil war; and, if it should prove to their interests, they will do it again. I adopt the words of the Rev. I. J. Lansing, a reliable authority. He says: "It is a matter of record in the War and other departments at Washington that only 9 per cent. of the Irish ever enlisted in the Union Army and that soon after the letter of Pope Pius IX., dated at Rome, December 3, 1863, and addressed to Jefferson Davis, as 'Illustrious and Honorable President,' was promulgated, more than 71 per cent. of them, or 102,839 out of a total of 144,221, deserted.

The following official figures are clipped from the *Toledo American*:

Who Did the Deserting?

In reply to the boast so freely made by Roman Catholic editors and orators that the Irish fought the battles of the civil war and saved the nation, the following document, received from the Pension Department at Washington, is here given:

Whole number of troops engaged in the war	2,128,200
Natives of the United States	1,625,267
Germans	180,817
Irishmen	144,221
British (other than Irish)	90,040
Other foreigners	87,855

The desertions were as follows:

Natives of the United States	5 per cent.
Germans	10 per cent.
Irish Catholic:	72 per cent.
British (other than Irish)	7 per cent.
Other foreigners	7 per cent.

"In other words, of the 144,000 Irishmen that enlisted, 104,000 deserted; and it is reliably stated that most of these desertions occurred after the recognition of the Confederacy by the pope. It is also a fact that, of the 5 per cent. of native Americans rated as deserters, 45 per cent. of the 5 per cent. were Roman Catholics."

And it is a significant fact that every man connected with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was a Roman Catholic.

6. The oaths of the priesthood, and of the Catholic societies, will show that they are not true Americans. I give these oaths in full, for they are of the utmost importance:

PRIEST'S OATH.

"I——— ———, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Saints and Sacred Host of Heaven, and to you, my Lord, I do declare from my heart, without mental reservation that the Pope is Christ's Vicar General, and is true and only head of the Universal Church throughout the earth, and that, by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his Holiness by Jesus Christ he has power to depose heretical Kings, Princes, States, Commonwealths and Governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his Holiness' rights and customs against all usurpers of the Protestant authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended authority and church in England and all adherents, in regard that they be usurped and heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother, the Church of Rome.

"I do denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any Protestant King, Prince or State, or obedience to any of their inferior officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots and other Protestants, to be damnable, and these to be damned who will not forsake the same.

"I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents in any place wherever I shall be, and to do my utmost to extirpate the Protestant doctrine and to destroy all their pretended power regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare that notwithstanding I may be permitted by dispensation to assume any heretical religion (Protestant denominations) for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all which shall be proposed, given in charge or discovered unto me by you, my most Reverend Lord and the Roman Pontiff." (Corpus Juris Canonica, Leipsic ed., Bishop.

"All of which I, ——— ———, swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament which I am about to perform on my part to keep inviolably, and do call on all the Heavenly and Glorious Hosts of Heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this my oath.

"In testimony whereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my consecrated hand, and in the presence of my holy bishop and all the priests who assist him in my ordination to the priesthood."

"I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents, in any place wherever I shall be, in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, Ireland or America, or in any other kingdom or territory I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant or Liberal doctrines, and to destroy all their pretended powers, regal or otherwise.

"I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest to keep secret and private all her agents' councils from time to time, as they intrust me, and not divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstances, whatever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or any of this sacred covenant.

"I do further promise and declare that I will have no opinion or will of my own, or any mental reservation whatsoever, even as a corpse or cadaver (perinde ac cadaver), but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the pope and of Jesus Christ.

"That I will go to any part of the world whithersoever I may be sent, to the frozen regions of the North, the burning sands of the desert of Africa, or the jungles of India, to the centers of civilization of Europe, or to the wild haunts of the barbarous savages of America, without murmuring or repining; and will be submissive in all things whatsoever communicated to me.

"I do furthermore promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and wage relentless war, secretly or openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Liberals, as I am directed to do, to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth; and that I will spare neither age, sex nor condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these infamous heretics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their execrable race. That when the same can not be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulating cord, the steel of the poniard, or the leaden bullets, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity or authority of the person or persons, whatever may be their condition in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed so to do, by any agent of the pope, or superior of the brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

"In confirmation of which I hereby dedicate my life, my soul, and all corporeal powers, and with this dagger which I now receive, I will subscribe my name, written in my blood, in testimony thereof; and should I prove false or weaken in my determination may my brethren and fellow-soldiers of the

militia of the pope cut off my hands and my feet, and my throat from ear to ear, my belly open and sulphur burn therein, with all the punishment that can be inflicted upon me on earth, and my soul be tortured by demons in an eternal hell forever.

"All of which I, ——— ———, do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed Sacrament which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolable; and do call all the Heavenly and Glorious Host of Heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this my oath.

"In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further, with my name written with the point of this dagger, dipped in my own blood, and seal in the face of this holy covenant."

[He receives the wafer from the superior, and writes his name with the ponit of the dagger, dipped in his own blood, taken from over the heart.]

Oath of the Clan-na-Gael.

The following is the oath taken by the members of that famous Romish Catholic Society:

"I, ——— ———, do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will labor while life is left in me to establish and defend a republican form of government in Ireland; that I will keep secret the names and everything connected with this Irish brotherhood from all not entitled to know such secrets; that I will obey and comply with the constitution and laws of the same, whatever they may be; that I will preserve the funds of the order for the cause of Irish revolution alone, as specified in the constitution; that I will deem it my special duty and misson to promote and foster sentiments of union, brotherly love, nationality, among all Irish Catholics; that I will not permi tthe nomination in any political caucus or convention of a person not pledged to the principles of this society; that I will always give a member of this brotherhood preference in all matters of business, and will vote and work only for Irishmen for political office; I take this obligation without any mental reservation, holding the same forever binding upon me, and that any violation thereof or desertion of my duty to the brotherhood is infamous, and merits the severest punishment, so help me God."

This oath the candidate is abjured to keep at the hazard of his life. It was reported to and printed in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, December 16, 1893, and was sworn to be correct at the Cronin trial. Priests and bishops act as chaplains for this holy order.

Oath of a Ribbon Man.

"I, Patrick McKenna, swear by Saints Peter and Paul, and by the blessed Virgin Mary, to be always faithful to the society of Ribbon Men, to keep and conceal all its secrets and all its words of order; to be always ready to execute the commands of my superior officers, and, as far as it shall be in my power, to extirpate all heretics, and all the Protestants and to walk in their blood to the knee. May the Virgin Mary and all saints help me. Today the second of July, 1852.

"PAT McKENNA,
(from Tyndavanet)."

(Cited in "Brooks' Controversy with Bishop Hughes," p. 15).

Oath of the Knights of St. John.

"I, ——— ———, in the presence of the members of this Commandery as witnesses, do solemnly pledge my sacred word of honor, as a truthful and honest man, that I will conform to all the rules and regulations of the constitution of this Commandery; that I am not, and will not, while a member of this Commandery, belong to any secret organization condemned by the Catholic Church; that I will not divulge or make known any of the business of this Commandery to any one not entitled to know the same; that I will always act in unity and harmony with the officers and members of this Commandery in furthering the objects for which it was established, as laid down in the preamble; that I will afford timely aid to the extent of my ability to all my brother knights when in distress; that I will cultivate for each and every one a warm and fraternal feeling, defending their reputation and doing everything in my power to promote their welfare and usefulness; and, furthermore, should I ever be expelled or resign or have cause to leave this Commandery, I shall always consider this obligation binding out of it as well as in it, except in the confessional.

"Mr. ——— ———, after reading the preamble and taking the obligation and knowing what is required of you as a member of this Commandery, are you willing to be obligated? Answer yes or no.

"Now, in conclusion, I will instruct you in the sign, by extending to you the right hand of fellowship, and may you never cause this Commandery to regret the confidence they have placed in you."

Rome and Religious Liberty.

To deny religious liberty would be contradictory of the principles of Protestantism, which is the right of private

judgment. But the principle of Catholicism is repugnant to the liberty of worship; for the principle of Catholicism is that God has appointed an infallible teacher of faith and morals." (Popula Errors Concerning Politics and Religion, p. 318).

These principles of Rome have been put into execution. "When, in May, 1851, New Grenada proclaimed religious toleration and subjected the clergy to the secular courts, Pius IX., in the allocution 'Acerbissimum,' of September 27, 1852, pronounced the laws to be null and void, and threatened heavy ecclesiastical penalties on all who should dare to enforce them. * * * When, in 1855, Mexico adopted a constitution embodying the same principles, Pius, in the allocution 'Nunquam fore,' December 15, 1856, annulled the constitution and forbade obedience to it. When, about the same time, Spain made an effort in the same direction, the allocution 'Nemo Vestrum,' of July 24, 1855, similarly abrogated the obnoxious provisions. Even a powerful empire like that of Austria fared no better when, in December, 1867, it decreed liberty of conscience and of the press, and in May, 1868, adopted a law of civil marriage; for the allocution 'Nunquam certe,' of June 22, 1868, denounced all of these as atrocious laws, and declared them to be void and of no effect." (Henry Charles Lea, *Forum*, February, 1890, pp. 630, 631).

Protestants Have No Rights.

3. Rome not only claims that Protestants have no rights, but that they are not to be tolerated; and if proper opportunity affords they are to be persecuted. This is taught by popes, councils and writers of the best class.

The Fourth Council of Lateran, held at Rome, A. D. 1215, under Pope Innocent III., has a famous law concerning heretics. At the risk of repeating a paragraph or two, quoted elsewhere, I shall give the decree in full. It was decreed: "We excommunicate and anathematize every heresy that exalts itself against the holy orthodox, and Catholic faith, which we have already set forth, condemning all heretics, by whatsoever name they may be called, for, though their faces differ, they are tied together by their tails, agreeing in their vanity.

"Such as are condemned are to be delivered over to the existing secular powers, or their officers, to receive due punishment. If laymen, their effects shall first be degraded from their respective orders and their property applied to the churches in which they have officiated.

"Those who have incurred a public suspicion of heresy shall be punished with an anathema and their company shunned by all men, unless they thoroughly clear themselves of the charge. If they remain under excommunication a year, they shall then be condemned as heretics.

"Secular powers of all ranks and degrees are to be warned, indeed, and, if necessary, compelled by ecclesiastical censures, as they desire to be accounted faithful, publicly to swear that they will exert themselves to the utmost in defense of the faith, and extirpate all heretics, denounced by the Church, who shall be found in their territories. And whenever any person shall assume government, whether it be spiritual or temporal, he shall be bound to swear to abide by this decree.

"If any temporal lord, after having been admonished and required by the Church, shall neglect to clear his territory of heretical pravity, the metropolitan and the bishops of the province shall unite in excommunicating him. Should he remain contumacious a whole year, the fact shall be signified to the Supreme Pontiff, who shall declare his vassals released from their allegiance from that time, and will bestow his territory on Catholics, to be occupied by them on the condition of exterminating heretics and preserving the said territory in the pure faith; and they shall possess it without molestation, saving the rights of the supreme lord, if he shall have put no obstacle or impediment in the way. The same course shall be taken with those who have no supreme lord.

"Catholics who shall assume the cross for the extermination of heretics shall enjoy the same indulgences, and be protected in the same privileges, as are granted to those who go to the help of the Holy Land.

"We decree further, that all who have any dealings with heretics, and especially such as receive, defend or encourage them, shall be excommunicated; expressly declaring that if any person, after the excommunication has been published, shall fail to give satisfaction in a year, he shall be accounted infamous. He shall not be eligible to any public office or commission, nor to vote for the appointment of others to such offices. He shall not be admitted as a witness. He shall never have power to bequeath his property by will, nor to succeed to any inheritance. He shall not bring an action against any person, but any one may bring an action against him. Should he be a judge, his decisions shall have no force, nor shall any cause be brought before him. Should he be an advocate, he shall not be permitted to plead. Should he be a lawyer, no instruments made by him shall be held valid; but shall be condemned with their author. And, we decree, in like manner, for all similar cases. But should the offending party be a priest, he shall be deprived of every office and benefice he may hold, that, as his fault is greater, his punishment may be proportionate.

"If any shall continue to have dealings with such as are denounced by the Church, they shall be compelled, by the sentence of excommunication, to give full satisfaction. Priests shall not administer to them the sacraments of the Church

when they seek them, nor presume to give them Christian burial, nor accept their alms or offerings, on pain of being deprived of their offices, without the possibility of restoration, but by the special favor of the Holy See. Regulars, if they offend in this manner, shall lose whatever privileges they may have possessed in the diocese in which the offense shall be committed.

"And, whereas, some 'having form of godliness,' as the apostle saith, but 'denying the power thereof,' assume to themselves the authority to preach (notwithstanding that the same apostle saith, 'How shall they preach except they be sent'), all persons whatsoever being prohibited so to do, are not commissioned, who shall presume to usurp authority to preach, publicly or privately, unless they have received such authority from the Apostolic See, or from the Catholic bishop of the place, shall be excommunicated; and unless they immediately repent, they shall be visited with condign punishment.

"We enjoin, moreover, that every archbishop or bishop shall, either personally or by his arch-deacon, or by some other trustworthy person, twice in the year, or at least once, visit every parish in which heretics are commonly reported to live. He shall select three or more persons of good chaarcter, or he shall take, if he thinks fit, the whole neighborhood, and shall compel them to swear that if they know any heretic, or any persons holding secret conventicles, or whose life and manners differ from those of the faithful in general, they will denounce them to the bishop. The bishop shall summon the accused before him; and then, unless they clear themselves from the charge, or if it be proved that after having so cleared themselves on a preceding occasion, they have relapsed into their former perfidy, they shall be punished according to the canons. If any person, rejecting with damnable obstinacy the solemn obligation of an oath, shall refuse to swear, he shall on that account be reputed a heretic.

"We will command, therefore, and strictly charge all bishops, on their obedience, that they diligently watch over this matter in their respective dioceses. For, if any bishop shall be negligent or remiss in purging his diocese of heretical pravity, and the fact be sufficiently proved, he shall be deposed from his office and some fit person shall be substituted for him, who shall be able and willing to destroy heresy." (Labb. Concil., Ed. Mansi., tom. xxii. p. 987-990.)

This infamous decree stands unrepealed, and is therefore the law of the Catholic Church today.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent holds: "Heretics and schismatics, because they have separated from the Church and belong to her only as deserters, belong to the army from which they deserted. It is not, however, to be denied that they are still subject to the jurisdiction of the

Church, as those liable to have her judgment passed on them, to be punished by her, and denounced with anathema."

One of the most notorious documents ever published by the popes is the bull "In Coena Domini." It has been ratified, confirmed, or enlarged by more than twenty popes. It curses every Protestant Church and every individual Protestant. One section of this document reads: "We do, on the part of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and also by the authority of the blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and by our own, excommunicate and curse all Hussites, Wickliffites, Lutherans, Zwinglians, Calvinists, Huguenots, Anabaptists, Trinitarians and apostates from the faith of Christ, and all and sundry heretics, by whatsoever name they may be reckoned, and of whatsoever sect they may be; and those who believe in them, and their receivers, abettors, and, in general, all their defenders whatsoever; and those who without authority and that of the Apostolic See, knowingly read or retain, or print, or in any way defend the books containing their heresy, or treating of religion." (Constitutio Pauli V., Perceval on the Roman Schism, Introduction, p. 37.)

The creed of Pius IV., which is a standard, makes every one who recites it say: "I, N. N., at this present, freely profess and sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, without which no one can be saved." (Bulla Super Forma Juram. Profess Fid., p. 228. Canones et Decreta Conc. Trid.).

Du Pin, the celebrated Catholic historian, says: "The popes and prelates (perceiving that the notorious heretics contemned the spiritual power, and that excommunication and other ecclesiastical penalties were so far from reducing them that they rendered them more insolent and put them upon using violence), were of opinion that it was lawful to make use of force to see whether those who were not reclaimed out of a sense of their salvation might be so by the fear of punishments, and even of temporal death. There had been already several instances of heretics condemned to fines, to banishments, to punishments, and even to death itself; but there had never been any war proclaimed against them. Innocent III. was the first that proclaimed such a war against the Albigenses, the Waldenses, and against Raymond, Count of Toulouse, their protector. War might subdue the heads and reduce whole bodies of people, but it was not capable of altering the sentiments of particular persons, or of hindering them from teaching their doctrines secretly. Whereupon, the pope thought it advisable to set up a tribunal of such persons whose business should be to make inquiry after heretics, and to draw up their processes. * * * And from hence this tribunal was called the Inquisition." (Eccl. Hist., 13th cent., p. 154.)

(To Be Continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

IN a recent number of "The Nation," appears an alleged pen picture of the troubled and troublesome Editor of this magazine. The sketch is not especially libellous, or ill-natured. In fact, the writer speaks of me with a certain aloof impartiality, such as would characterize an interested naturalist in discussing an unusual bug.

Of course, unusual bugs have no right to complain of that kind of discussion, although it is not their fault that they *are* unusual. We can't *all* be nice, ordinary, regulation bugs.

The author of the alleged "Pen picture" signs himself "Tattler," and discusses me, in manner and form following, to-wit—

> That Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, should have opened a war upon President Wilson's aspiration for a second term ought not to occasion any surprise. Watson is always fighting somebody or something, and usually on the side where people unfamiliar with his career would not expect to find him. That is why it is a mistake to describe him, as more than one writer has done, as "meteoric." He is comet-like, rather; for meteors project themselves across the sky with no discernible regularity, whereas there is a well-established periodicity in the occurrences of most of the comets. Watson's period is once in four years, and he has appeared in the political heavens at such intervals ever since 1888, when he was a Presidential elector-at-large on the Democratic ticket. It was also as a Democrat that he was elected to the Fifty-second Congress in 1890.

Of any positive person, at any age of the world, it could have been said, with equal veracity, that he "is always fighting somebody or something."

The Devil began to fight the human race before they had sampled all the fruit in the Garden, and he has been at it ever since. As it takes two to make a fight, it follows that somebody has been fighting back at Satan, from the very beginning. Who is the Evil One that we must fight?

You believe he is A., while I believe he is B.; and so it happens that I blame *you* for supporting B., at the time I fight him; and you blame me for defending A., at the time you attack him.

If we could all see things the same way, and all do the same things, and all express the same opinions, life would be insipidly uniform, and boresomely uninteresting.

God knew what He was about, when He created fighters.

Lay your hand on the pearls in the casket of human liberty, and show me the gem that wasn't baptised in tears and blood!

You cannot do it.

Upon one, is the dying breath of Hampden, who fell with a ball in his breast, that sunny day in Old England, fighting for the principle, over the royal demand for a few shillings, *of self-taxation by the people.*

Upon another, is the smoke of Smithfield, where men and women died, horribly, rather than worship Jehovah in any other way than that dictated by their own conscience.

Upon another, is the blood of the heroes who fought for freedom of speech and liberty of the press, which are so hateful to despots of Church and State.

And why should any Christian chide me for having been a lifelong fighter, when the traditions tell us that the Fathers died for the Faith?

Yes, I was a fighter in the days of my youth, having made the first state-wide attack upon the Barroom, that

was ever made in the South; and having begun the combat upon the vicious perversion of the State's sovereign right to punish criminals by hiring them to private corporations. Thirty years ago, that was; and now see how public opinion has grown!

When, in 1889, I made war upon *the exclusion of land* from the securities upon which national banks might lend money, I was denounced as severely by the daily press, as I have since been for other matters; but, during the recent Presidential campaign, the Democrats took great credit for the final adoption, in the Rural Credits bill, of the principle for which I contended 27 years ago. That the law will be extended to include such staples as tobacco, wheat, cotton, and hay, I have no doubt whatever.

But the pioneers of all such new lines of legislation are classed as meteors, comets, etc., until they are seen to have been *reformers*—by which time they are perhaps in their graves.

God in Heaven! What a visionary the smug placemen and docile harness-wearers, of the last century, thought Bentham was—*Jeremy Bentham, to* whom the wise men of today apply a title more splendid than any that which Emperors wear, "*The Father of Modern Law Reform!*"

Sneered at in America, ridiculed in Great Britain, he was rated as the crankiest of cranks, because he played the fiddle, heated his house by steam, slept in a sack, trotted in his garden for exercise, operated a turning lathe for pastime, *hotly denounced Lord Eldon's Chancery Court*, and that hoary dungeon of imprisoned Rights, known and revered as "*The Common law of England.*"

As to Lord Eldon's court of Chancery, it became the laughing-stock of the world, when Charles Dickens pictured it in his story of "Bleak House," 30 years after Bentham was dead.

The fictitious case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce was based upon facts; and the merciless exposure of the Court, made by the immortal novelist, caused it to be *reformed.*

Bentham believed in Free trade, and was therefore a "wild enthusiast"—whose ideas were afterwards the inspiration of Villiers, Cobden, and Bright, and are now the law of Great Britain, as they have been for 70 years.

Bentham advocated free schools, and condemned State-support of churches: consequently, every fat bishop hated him, and the commoners could not believe that the State would ever take the rich man's money to educate the poor man's child.

Bentham was the first to demand that the laws be *codified.* He wanted them lessened in quantity and simplified in quality. Above all, he strove for *equality* in the civil code, and *leniency* in the criminal.

There were 160 crimes punishable by death; and these capital offences included such misdemeanors as simple theft, obstructing legal process, hunting at night disguised, writing threatening letters, pulling down park gates, exporting sheep or wool twice, smuggling, vagrancy, stealing fish, cutting a tree in a park, letting the water out of a pond, snaring a rabbit, tearing down a fence, marrying a couple outside of a church, without a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, etc., etc.

The prison system of England was in keeping with this barbaric Code; and a person acquitted of the crime alleged against him might be kept in jail, if he could not pay for the food he had eaten and for the straw upon which he had slept. But when Jeremy Bentham smote this time-honored fabric of Savagery, to which British respectability had become accustomed, his reasoning shocked public opinion, and his steam-heated house engendered grave doubts as to his sanity.

Then when he was seen trotting in his garden, for exercise, he was set down as a harmless lunatic who wasn't worth minding.

In Hegel's "Philosophy of History," we are told that the Catholics burnt a

witch at Glarus, in Switzerland in 1780, which was the year that Pennsylvania chartered the first bank in the United States, and Benjamin Randall organized, at New Durham, New Hampshire, the first Freewill Baptist Church in America: also the year of Arnold's treason, and the turning-point victory of the Southern Volunteers at King's Mountain.

The same sun, moon, and stars shone upon the fires that consumed the poor unpopular wretch in Switzerland, upon eager capitalists in Pennsylvania, upon the Baptist pioneer in New Hampshire, upon the traitor at West Point, and upon the mountaineers who rode to crush Ferguson.

What queer, unaccountable creatures we must seem, to the angels above, when they stare down upon us, and see the strangely inconsistent things that are done: *we* finished burning *our* witches, in 1693, driving out the Reverend persecutor who started the craze; and *we* never hanged any Quakers, after 1659: and, in 1672, we actually allowed the Baptists to hold their meetings unmolested in Boston, Massachusetts.

At about the same time, they put to death, in Switzerland, an unbelieving miscreant who outraged patriotic sentiment, by laughing at the yarn about William Tell and the apple.

Even now, if you entertain any misgivings about Samson's foxes, or about Jonah's fish, or the trio of Israelites that were too sappy to burn, you'd better keep your incredulities locked up within your inner lock-box.

"The world do move," but not fast in the direction of *toleration.* That's proven by the manner in which "Tattler," and other moss-backs, carp at me, *for having been ahead of them.*

He says that I was Democratic Presidential Elector in 1888. That is true. Cleveland was making the race *as a Reformer.* He combatted the Special Privilege which had not then so impregnably fortified itself in our Tariff-system. His position was radically different from that of President Wilson, not only on the Protective principle, but on Civil Service, Economy, and Militarism.

From Mr. Cleveland—who narrowly scanned every private-pension bill, and who vetoed the appropriation for the relief of the Texas drought-sufferers—to Mr. Wilson who signed Flood-relief bills, Standing-army bills, the Compulsory-service bill, the Government Insurance bill, the Underwood Tariff bill, the Money-Trust bill, and vetoed the Immigration bill, the distance is immense.

Do me the justice to remember this vital difference between the President whom I supported, and him whom I opposed. Since 1888, the Democratic party has changed quarters, and *is now encamped on the identical ground occupied by the Republicans of Cleveland's day.*

Tattler repeats the old accusation that represents me as having betrayed those who elected me to Congress.

It is not true to say that I did so. On the contrary, my political life was staked and lost on fidelity to campaign pledges. The record shows that my race was made and won on the platform of the Farmers' Alliance, adopted at the National Convention in Ocala, Florida. (1890.)

Does "Tattler" know what those demands were, and how nearly they are now represented in the law of the land?

(1.) The Farmers' Alliance demanded *government loans to farmers.*

In the recent campaign, we heard the Democratic claim that President Wilson had met this demand, in the Rural Credits law.

(2.) The Farmers' Alliance demanded an increase of the currency to $50.00 per capita.

The Wilson administration *claims* to have enormously increased the volume of circulating money.

(3.) The Alliance demanded that speculation in futures be prohibited.

The friends of Wilson pretend that this has been done. At any rate, *the same demand was in the Wilson platform of* 1912.

(4.) Free Silver and untaxed neces-

saries of life were demanded; and, however far we may have gone from this hoped-for legislation, no one can deny it would be an immense benefit to the common people, who find the cost of living becoming higher and higher.

(5.) The Income Tax was demanded. We now have one, such as it is. The Democratic party is committed to the principle.

6.) The strict control of railroads, etc., was demanded, as preparatory to government ownership.

We have recently seen the President take virtual *control* of the railroads; and his action was universally recognized as a long step toward *ownership*.

(7.) Direct election of Senators by the people. *This is now the law.*

Can you grasp the fact, that my advocacy of these principles, and my refusal to enter a caucus, in which the old-line Democrats would have tied my hands with a majority vote, was what earned me the reputation for eccentricity which so many Tattlers have written about? "Watson is erratic," they say; but when you really know what it was that he stood for, you realize that he lost out by being ahead of his times.

Every Democrat in the Congressional District which I represented had voted for or against me, *on account* of those Farmers' Alliance principles; and I had carried every county but *one*. Afterwards, the political criminals of that county organized in Augusta the bands of "repeaters" who put 18,000 ballots on the boxes, the legal limit of the voting population being 12,000. This is the literal truth. None of my original supporters went back on me, save a mere minority handful, who were unable to prevent my original counties from continuing to give me a large majority. Nine of the counties were simply outlawed and disfranchised, by political manipulators at three precincts in one city. Today I could not only win a majority in the nine counties, but also in the City where my political career was wrecked.

Tattler continues:

He is well remembered in Washington as the gaunt, angular, hungry-eyed, auburn-haired, smooth-shaven champion of the submerged and downtrodden masses in that Congress, more fiery and with a broader vocabulary than even the celebrated Jerry Simpson. A combination of lawyer, farmer, and writer, he united in himself all the quaintness of manner and speech which marked the "new" Southerner of that time, as distinguished from the aristocrats who filled the higher offices before the Civil War and for several years after it. He belonged to the group of which Ben Tillman was the most conspicuous specimen, who were resolved to turn all the traditions south of Mason and Dixon's line wrong-side before and compel a complete realignment in puiblc affairs.

To compare me to Ben Tillman is unjust to us both.

Ben is—well, you know what Ben is. He went to Washington to turn the world around on its axis, and the world turned Ben around on *his*. Tillman grew ashamed of his uncouth patriotism, and gradually subsided into a common-place office-holder. He is very much like those Irish fire-eaters elected to Parliament in Grattan's day: they reached London, hell-bent on tearing the guts out of the British Empire, and wound up by meekly accepting third-rate ministerial appointments—after which they never were heard of any more.

It is incorrect to accuse me of "New South" nonsense. I never talked it, and never wrote it. In my public life and speeches, my ideal has been the old South, its political principles, its family models, its simplicity, honesty, courage, and *genuine democracy*.

Henry Grady was the New South apostle, just as Woodrow Wilson has been the evangel of some mysterious something that he dubbed the "New Freedom." The old South, and the old freedom, are good enough for me.

"Tattler" rambles right along, as follows—

In Congress, Watson suffered the fate of most immature members, introducing a variety of bil's, but leaving his personal stamp on little finished legislation. He did, however, make himself famous in

another way. In 1892 he wrote a campaign book for the Populists, entitled "Not a Revolt: It Is a Revolution," in which he arraigned his Democratic fellow members, then in control of the House, in terms which left nothing to the imagination. They were hypocritical, extravagant, dissolute, false to their promises, generally unworthy of the dignities they were degrading. Naturally, the Republicans came in for their share of his denunciation, as "Blaine the millionaire," "Wanamaker the pious," Elkins, the land-grabber, Sherman, the manipulator of public funds, Stanford, the beneficiary of legalized robbery, and thus through the long list. So, when an Alabama member brought out some of the contents of the book in a speech on the floor, its author found substantially the entire chamber in arms against him. There was an investigation by a committee, as fruitless of real results as usual in such cases, and then came the autumn elections, which left Watson at home.

(A.) "Watson . . . . introduced a variety of bills." That is true. Every plank in the Ocala platform was put into the shape of a bill, and the Land-loan plank was one of them.

They now call it Rural Credits, and seem to be very proud of it.

Another, was the Income tax: another, the election of Senators by the people.

As to leaving my stamp on legislation, it is borne by the freight-car automatic coupling law, and the Rural Free-delivery of mail.

This last has been eulogized, again and again, as one of the great civilizers of modern times.

(B.) "In 1892, he wrote a Campaign Book." That's so.

It *did* arraign both the Twins quite severely. I was young then, and was easily excited by the up-risings and down-sittings of rotten politicians. Am used to it, now, and don't often boil over.

As to the Alabama member, that was General Joe Wheeler, who pretended to believe that I had lied about the effect of the Congressional barroom on Congressional patrons.

I stood up to the General, as well as I could, against those bibulous patrons of the saloon underneath our Chamber.

Yes, they "investigated" me, and my chargess of "drunkenness in Congress;" and the Chairman of the Investigating Committee was Boatner, of Louisiana, a gentleman whose patronage of the Barroom under us was free and frequent.

I stacked up so much evidence in support of my charges, that Boatner held back his Report until the last hours of the session. Then he hurriedly reported against me, and moved, in the same breath, to lay the Report on the table.

The bibulous patriots were afraid to give me an opening to speak on it.

Soon afterwards, the Congressional Barroom was abolished.

So, my mark was left *there*, too.

The "Tattler" continues—

Four years later he was up and at it again, this time as candidate for Vice-President on the Populist ticket headed by Bryan. His special drive now was against "Sewall and Plutocrat," who filled the corresponding place on the Democratic Bryan ticket. He condemned all fusion movements, because they would have involved some measure of Populist support for this hateful national banker. "Mr. Sewall cannot carry his own family," declared Watson, in one of his characteristic speeches. "He cannot carry the ward in which he lives. He cannot carry the town in which he lives. He cannot carry the State in which he lives. He is a wart on the party. He is a knot on the log. He is a dead weight on the ticket. . . . . Let Sewall scoot and Watson arrive." Then he fell afoul of Marion Butler, chairman of the Populist National Committee, accusing him of betraying the trust his party had reposed in him, and scheming to elect the Democratic rather than the Populist ticket.

The time referred to, is 1896. I was at home, in bed, and asleep, when the Populist Convention at St. Louis came to terms with Senator James K. Jones and other Democratic leaders. Bryan had been nominated with Sewall; and the proposition of the Democrats was, to run a Populist for Vice-President, if the Populist Convention would nominate Bryan for President.

I knew nothing of it, until next morning, when everything had been done. Whether I acted wisely in accepting the nomination, *before assuring myself of Bryan's good faith*, was

a question that came too late. I trusted him, and was betrayed, just as others who have since trusted him have been betrayed—Champ Clark in 1912, for example.

Sewall was the opposite of Bryan, supposing either of them to have believed in what they professed.

Sewall did *not* carry his State, his county, his town, his precinct, or his family. His wife was for McKinley against Bryan, and his son was one of McKinley's speakers.

"Then he fell afoul of Marion Butler." He sure did. Butler sold out to Jones, got rich on campaign funds, as Bryan did, and has lived the life of a rich rascal in Washington ever since.

Bryan lives all over the map.

The Tattler rambles right along, thus—

In 1900 Watson was less conspicuous, and, when his party seemed bound to nominate him for President, willy-nilly, he crushed the movement by publicly declaring that he could not accept under any circumstances, and appealing to his admirers to "number him among the politically dead and let him thenceforth rest in peace."

Correct. The Spanish war had knocked the remnants of the People's Party into mere scraps, and I saw no chance. Besides, I was trying to get same money practising law, having almost bankrupted myself trying to save a perverse country which stubbornly refused my brand of salvation.

Furthermore, I was writing a few books, and did not wish to be dis-

The Tattler resumes—

In 1904, nevertheless, the movement was renewed, and he consented to let his name be put at the head of the Populist ticket, on condition of the party's cutting loose from all alliances. He enjoyed himself thoroughly in that campaign, lunging at will into both the old parties, but making no secret of preferring Roosevelt the defiant to Parker the shrinking. His defeat did not tame him in the least, and four years later he was ready for an onslought upon the Federal judiciary, which he declared to be the worst-hated of American institutions. Its autocratic pretensions, he was sure, were going to plunge the country into another civil war, for which four hundred thousand Socialists were preparing. Since then, Watson's public appearances have been chiefly concerned with defending himself against prosecutions for sending unlawful matter through the mails, the causes of offence being articles he has printed against the Catholic church; but, though his enemies pushed him hard, every indictment has broken down, either before trial or after.

"In 1904, nevertheless"—it was different.

In 1900, Bryan was as good a Populist as I was, almost. His platform roared for Free Silver, damned the National banks, demanded more money, yelled Income tax, anathematized Imperialism—in fact, condemned all that he has since approved, and approved all that he has since condemned.

But in 1904, Bryan suddenly went over to the Gold Standard, and all the other Wall Street abominations which he had been fighting since 1890.

Then, I thought there was a chance to resurrect Populism and Free-silverism, and Tariff reform; but Bryan got $20,000 of the money of Thos. F. Ryan and August Belmont, and was furnished by the Wall Street millionaires with a special train, and he went howling over the continent, 65 howls a day—at so much per howl—and he stampeded his former following either to Judge Parker or to Col. Roosevelt.

Eight years later, this same Bryan said that this same Parker wasn't fit to be Temporary Chairman of the Democratic Convention; and he had the sweet impudence to rebuke Thomas F. Ryan for being alive, and at Baltimore!

You need to rise early in the morning, if you ever expect to lay your eyes on a more consummate hypocrite than William Jenkins Blatherskite.

"Every indictment has broken down."

Incorrect, I'm sorry to say.

There's one left, and others threatened: therefore this part of the story will have to be "continued in our next."

The Tattler thus concludes—

The People's party has been dead for a half-score of years, and Watson doubtless realizes the fact by now. If he is going to struggle longer against the Plutocracy, it seems as if the Democratic party offered the only vantage-ground for a warrior of his course in the past may afford a criterion of how far and how successfully he will carry forward his revolt against President Wilson. TATTLER.

The Democratic party offered no "vantage ground" for any one who believes in the democratic creed of Jefferson, Jackson, Calhoun, and Stephens.

Woodrow Wilson is a thorough Hamiltonian, who would have been perfectly at home with Adams, Webster, Clay, and John Marshall: he would not have associated politically with George Mason, Thomas H. Benton, Nathaniel Macon, William H. Crawford, and Robert Toombs.

I am a graduate of the earlier democratic school; have fought its battles since boyhood, and now that I have reached three-score, am too old to change. It may not do any good to hold up the tattered banners of the past, and to preach a Gospel that few will hear and heed; but one takes the law of one's nature, not from himself, but from Above, and that law must be obeyed.

My information and belief is, that Woodrow Wilson has *personally* influenced the Attorney-General against me, and was privy to the threats to drag me out of Georgia, into some Northern State for trial. I believe that he has been, and is now, the active ally of the Romanist secret societies that are resolved upon my destruction.

But I have not been governed by this personal consideration in my opposition to his first nomination in 1912, or his second election in 1916.

My reasons are based on principle; and I will put them on permanent record by reprinting the following ante-election editorial of The Jeffersonian:

When you vote at an election where Presidential electors are chosen, you exercise the most precious privilege of a private citizen.

The Executive head of your Government does not become so by birth—as the Emperors and Kings of Europe do—nor by revolutionary convulsion, as happens in China, Turkey, and Portugal: the head of your Government *is elevated on your BALLOT.*

On election-day, millions of bits of paper are handed in at the polls, and passed into locked boxes; and when the day is done, you and your fellow citizens have selected, from among your public men, One Man, who, on the 4th of March, seats himself in authority at Washington, the peer of the Czar of Russia, of the Emperor of Germany, and of the King of England.

No greater privilege than yours was ever given to the individual citizen of any nation that the world has known.

Our Republic is by far the most wealthy, most enlightened, most progressive, and most powerful that has been established by mankind.

It is *an experiment* in self-government, on a scale so colossal that it surpasses the dreams of the democrats and republicans of antiquity.

Beside *our* confederation of sovereign States, all other leagues known to history sink into dwarfish insignificance.

Whether the confederation of free, independent States shall succeed, and the Republic of our Fathers endure, depends upon you, as much as upon any other citizen.

If our Republic takes the beaten road of Consolidation, Privilege, Plutocracy, and Militarism, which led all the Republics of ancient times to their doom, *you*, the individual voter, will be to blame for it.

How conscientiously you should consider what it is you will *endorse*, *AND ENCOURAGE* when you cast your ballot!

(1.) Do you want to endorse and encourage that kind of legislation which concentrates the wealth of the

country in the hands of the favored few, making the rich richer, and the poor poorer?

(2.) Would you knowingly vote to perpetuate such monarchical institutions as a Standing Army and a Money Monopoly, the two main props of all despotism, *where Purse and Sword* are united?

(3.) Would you conscientiously entail upon your posterity the brutalities and intolerable burdens of *Compulsory Military Service*, which even Australia has indignantly rejected at the polls.

(4.) With your eyes open to what you are doing, *would you vote an approval of Roman Catholic supremacy in this Government*, and of the rapid introduction of papal laws which infringe secular education, Protestant worship in the Army and Navy, freedom of the Press, freedom of Speech, and Civil Marriage?

(5.) With your intelligence awake to the meaning of your ballot, would you vote for Social and Political Equality between Whites and Blacks in the public service, and the appointment of the blacks to high places of authority over the whites?

(6.) Knowing what you do, *can you* endorse the stupendous crime of 1914, when the Government deliberately broke its pledged word to the farmers, by refusing them any form of Rural Credits, and by creating more than $400,000,000 of new paper money, lending it to speculators on commercial notes, *knowing that it was to be used in robbing the farmer*, whose bale of cotton, *at forced sale*, brought $30.00, and was immediately insured by the Government at $70.00, *for the profit of the gambler?*

Put your mind on those six points, and decide whether they are well taken. Let us go over them, one by one:

(1.) Have you ever known it to cost so much to support a family?

Competition has been almost entirely destroyed, and *Monopoly reigns, unopposed.*

This Democratic administration has made no effort to restrain the Trusts. The laws against Monopoly are a dead letter.

The illegal profits of Capital stagger human comprehension.

Nothing like it was ever before known in any country on the globe.

Everything necessary to support life is "cornered." One combination of Capital controls shoes, another controls clothing, another controls flour, another meat, and so on.

The law forbids this, but President Wilson lets the law sleep, while the Monopolists rob the people on high prices, and reduce millions to despair and desperation.

He has legalized the Money Trust, legalized gambling in agricultural products, legalized the extortions of public-service corporations, and legalized the systematic encroachments of every Tariff-made Trust.

Today, there is a vaster spoliation of producers and wage-earners by Privileged non-producers and sordid employers, than at any other time in the history of this, or any other government.

(2.) Nobody has denied, and nobody can deny, that your Forefathers warned you against a Standing Army, *in time of peace*, as a deadly menace to your republican institutions.

President Roosevelt tried to create such an Army, and failed; but President Wilson has done it, and the Standing Army, in time of peace is now upon you, together with the National Bank, which Thomas Jefferson declared to be even more dangerous to your liberties than the Standing Army.

Your Democratic Statesmen always told you of the fearful dangers to human freedom that followed a union of the Purse and the Sword.

"*Never allow the same man to gain control of both*," was the adage of all the English patriots, who combated the tyrants in the Mother Country, and pioneered our own institutions by their heroic struggles.

Under President Wilson, the laws of this Republic have been so completely revolutionized, that *future Presidents*

will control both the Money and the Military, THE PURSE AND THE SWORD.

And the new law of June 22, 1916, *destroys the State militia, utterly*, by a monstrous stroke of *FEDERAL USURPATION.*

(3.) Section 79 of the new Military law puts the European system of compulsory military service upon this country.

Do you endorse it? Do you want to encourage it and make it permanent?

(4.) Under President Wilson, popery has made the most phenomenal advance, in the United States, that it has made anywhere since the Reformation.

Wilson has held a Jesuit in the position of Assistant President, in spite of every protest.

Romanism has practically taken possession of the Army and Navy.

It has seized the strongholds of the diplomatic service.

It controls the Departments at Washington, and uses the Public Printer's office to disseminate Roman Catholic literature, at Protestant expense.

It has fastened its grip on the public treasury, *and has made itself the official religion of the Pan-American Union*, to which our Government belongs.

It has established political relations between the Italian pope and our President; and for the first time in our history, we see a church—and a foreign church, at that—dictating to the President the line of policy he shall adopt with reference to Mexico, the Philippine Islands, and Germany.

(5.) In his letters to such negroes as Bishop Waldron and Principal Morton, our President uses the words, "My dear Principal Morton," and "My dear Bishop Waldron."

This is the form of address employed *when you write to a social equal.*

No words more respectful and sociable could be used in writing to a white man.

Yet, Woodrow Wilson scouted the charge, that he sent a message of condolence to Booker Washington, when Booker got a beating for running after a white woman in New York.

The negro Editor of *The Freedman* declared that Wilson, when governor of the small State of New Jersey, had appointed a greater number of black men to office than Charles E. Hughes had appointed when governor of the great State of New York.

Then the negro Editor stated that President Wilson had appointed *THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE* (333) *NEGROES* to permanent positions in the Government service, besides *promoting* 452 *black officials TO HIGHER OFFICES!*

The negro Editor went on to show that President Wilson had given the Negro race liberal representation in the Diplomatic service of the United States, two black men being sent as consuls to France, one to Denmark's Island of St. Thomas, one to the French Island of Madagascar, and one to the English colony of Senegal.

Thus President Wilson not only appointed negro ministers to Liberia and other black places, *but foisted negroes upon England, France, and Denmark!*

Upon the white population of Washington City, half of which is Democratic, President Wilson has foisted a City Judge, who is not only a negro, but a Republican.

His name is Robert Terrell.

Upon the whole District of Columbia, where the real estate belongs principally to white people—half of them Democrats—President Wilson foisted a Recorder of Deeds who was both a negro and a Republican.

His name is Henry Lincoln Johnson, and he was the boss of scores of white women and girls, some of whom were Democrats, born and reared in the South.

(6.) As to the Wilson-McAdoo Crime of 1914, I have said enough, already.

A letter came here last week showing that some bewildered Democrats claimed, that two bales of cotton were compressed into one, that year, and *the two bales* were insured for $70.00 by the U. S. Government.

Oh, no; compresses flatten each bale,

but dont re-sack two in one. Compresses do not re-pack.

After considerable effort, I secured from McAdoo's Assistant, Mr. A. J. Peters, in Feb. 1915, the explicit statement, that during the very period in 1914 when cotton was forced to sale in the South at $30.00 a bale, the Government was issuing insurance on it, at from $65.00 to $70.00 a bale; and when such vessels as the Evelyn and the Caryb were sunk at sea, the Government paid for the lost cotton at from $65.00 to $70.00 a bale.

It was worth that much in Liverpool all the time, but the farmers didn't know it.

I tried to tell them, but they were so demoralized and distressed *and helpless*, that they let go their cotton at much less than the cost of production.

There is another paper which I wish to place upon permanent record: it relates to the revolutionary threats of the Attorney-General, and it was in substance adopted at the State Convention in Macon, Georgia, October, 1916:

The Resolutions as drawn by myself were as follows:

Whereas, it is one of the most cherished principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty that every citizen acccused of crime shall be tried in the jurisdiction of his residence, and by his equals, where he, as well as the jurors and witnesses, is known, and

Whereas, this time-honored principle is preserved and guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States, and

Whereas, each sovereign member of this Union of independent States was careful to reserve to itself the exclusive power to indict and try its citizens, within its own borders and within the jurisdiction of defendant's residence, and

Whereas, the preservation of that time-honored and constitutional principle is of supreme importance, both to the sovereign State and to every citizen thereof, and

Whereas, this Democratic administration, through its Attorney-General, has publicly announced its purpose to deprive this State of her constitutional prerogative, upon the ground, as alleged, that an honest jury cannot be obtained in Georgia, now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that we denounce said statement of the Attorney-General, as an outrageous slander of our courts and people,

Resolved further, that we hereby declare that no Radical administration, during the stormy era of Reconstruction, ever so bitterly arraigned an entire Southern State, or proposed to drag Southern men into Northern States for trial;

Resolved further that any attempt to execute said threat will be regarded as a lawless invasion of the reserved rights of the States, a flagrant violation of the supreme law of the land, and therefore an act of ruthless usurpation and tyranny;

Resolved further that our fellow-citizen, Thos. E. Watson, in defending the State's good name from the unscrupulous and mercenary libels published against her in regard to the case of Leo Frank, and in defending our constitutional Americanism against the insidious encroachments of a foreign church whose laws radically and irreconcilably differ from ours, has done no more than his duty, as a citizen who loves his State, and a Protestant who properly values the civil and religious liberties which our forefathers consecrated with their blood.

In Louisiana, the attempt was recently made by the State, to prosecute the publisher of a newspaper in a different jurisdiction from that in which he lives. The case involves precisely the same principle as that which the U. S. Attorney-General threatened to trample upon in the sustained effort which has been made, for more than five years, to deprive *me* of the freedom of the press.

The Supreme Court decided that the defendants must be tried where they live.

Commenting upon the decision, the New Orleans *Item* says:

The general importance of the decision handed down by Judge O'Neill in the prosecution for alleged criminal libel multiplied by Dr. Pierson against two agents of the Times-Picayune is such that it should not be passed without comment.

The Supreme Court holds, in brief that a newspaper editor who publishes a libel against anybody, commits a single offense, commits it at the place of publication, and must be prosecuted there or nowhere. The decision entinerly in harmony with the whole spirit and practice of the common law, gives guilty and malicious editors the same consideration accorded to guilty embezzlers and burglars. It likewise relieves innocent editors from embarrassment and harassment by peanut political potentates, petty despots disposed to persecute them for doing their simple duty to the public they are both supposed to serve, persecu-

tion that operates through absurdly oppressive methods that are not permitted against thieves, murderers, and the vilest classs of common criminals.

When a man kills another or steals his pocketbook, he is tried for murder or theft, once, and only once, by the court holding jurisdiction where the act occurs. Nobody thinks of charging him with murder sixty-four different times in sixty-four different parishes, of forcing him to visit sixty-four different courts, and to employ counsel to defend sixty-four simultaneous attacks on the same charge. This aristocrat of crime, being a murderer or athief, our politicians and lawyers deferentially proclaim that he shall be put in jeopardy only once on any single offense.

A custom has lately grown up in Louisiana, however, of indicting editors "for criminal libel" wherever the outraged individual seems to think he has the most pull with tthe district attorneys, the jurymen, and the judges, and where the editor has the leastt standing or the most hostile atmosphere, the farther away from the editor's place of business the better because the more expensive, and just as often as district attorneys and grand juries in different parishes can be induced to debase their offices to such purposes. The theory of this happy process is that "circulation" is the same thing as "publication," that every copy of a newspaper containing a libel it itself a publication of the libel, and therefore a seperate offense liable to separate prosecution and penalty, wherever circulated.

Yet it has never occurred to any of these tender theorists to try a man five times for the same murder because he fired five bullets into the victim. It has never occurred to them to prosecute a man on a hundred charges of theft because he has stolen a hundred dollars, although undoubtedly the theft of each dollar was offensive in itself. These zealous cusdians of the rights of man have reserved this theory for application to editors alone, as the most depraved of all human horned toads. The Supreme Court merely kicks it out of the legal closet. It says, if a publication is a crime, that crime is committed at the place where the publication issues and not in the thousands of places whither it goes; and, like other crimes, it must be prosecuted where committed.

The prosecution in the case of the Times brought over thirty indictments in as many places. This so clearly betokened persecution rather than punishment, bushwhackery rather than legal prosecution, as to partake of the very malice charged against the newspaper. Had convictions been secured as asked, the prison sentences on these defendants would have run beyond the span of many human generations. The law must have pursued the defendants to heaven, or elsewhere beyond the grave, in order to execute upon them a sentence rivaling in duration the punishments of purgatory. All of which is so absurd as to be unworthy the dignity of a modern State.

This constitutes merely an annoying nuisance to large newspapers. To small ones it would mean death. Scarcely able to stand at home by the business they do, they cannot afford to travel from Texas to Mississippi, from Arkansas to Gretna Green with a legal bodyguard, repelling bush-whackers in every parish along the way.

Since anybody can bring a libel action against a newspaper on the filmsiest trivialty, and each action must be defended, what we just said means, in simple, ugly, terms, that the small newspapers of Louisiana cannot afford to tell the truth freely, frankly and decently about our public concerns when any commercial or political swashbuckler cares to invoke the law on them as it was understood until yesterday. There is the real vice in the conception Judge O'Neill and his colleagues have overthrown.

The General Assembly has twice been given the opportunity to accomplish the same result by declaratory legislation, and has twice refused to do it. This is an evidence on the part of small-bore statesmen of the very spitefulness which politicians in general are so traditionally fond of imputing to newspapers. The Supreme Court has met the need more effectively than the legislature could. The press of the State has been well served by the newspapers that brought the matter to judiciai issue.

The most famous of the recent cases decided on the principle here involved was that in which President Roosevelt, in his lordly way, undertook to drag the editors of the Indianapolis News and the New York World to Washington, there to be tried for defamation alleged in certain inconvenient revelations concerning our national acquisitions on the Isthmus of Panama.

The Louisiana papers, being good Democrats, choose to refer to none other than the Presidential *Republican*, who endeavored to drag Indiana and New York editors out of their States for trial. The threats of the *Wilson* Attorney-General to do the same thing —which the Courts quickly told Roosevelt could not be legally done—were conveniently overlooked by the *Item*, and its justly indignant publishers.

The letter below comes from a woman who is just what she pretends to be: her case has been investigated by one of our patriotic societies, and she is vouched for to me officially, under the seal of the order:

Portland, Ore., 1916.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Georgia.

Dear Friend and Patriot:

I have the honor of knowing you through the Menace. It stands today the unchallenged champion of Humanity and Christianity.

Excuse me for speaking straight from the shoulder. I know no language but plain words of one meaning, for my past has a deeper significance of simplicity of life than the ordinary use of that word.

The Good Book says, "Blessed are the poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of God."

What blessing is there for those who are of normal talent and kept a life-time in stupid ignorance and **compulsory subjection, tyranny worse than Death?**

I have closely followed the accounts in the Menace of **your persecution and trials,** and in this mornings paper I see that your life has been one of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of good in general, and in particular for the good of the Country and Posterity.

Who will stand an example for those coming after us, if we all say, as many do, "Let those coming after us fight it out for themselves?" Is that all the sense of responsibility and character we can gather as true Americans for the blessing of protection under the Flag of the Free and the enjoyment of this prosperous Land of Liberty? **Who will stand for the Homes of our Nation, the Homes that were built by our brave Fathers? Who will stand for the principles that made our glorious Nation,** the principles for which Wishongton, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln and other great champions of our free fundamental Democracy, stands, if not we who are blessed with life now? Should we not do our utmost to leave the world better for having lived, or at least as good as we found it when we came upon it? Is the love of Liberty, Freedom, the spirit of Independence dying in the American people? Shall we loose sight of all truths that bring real happiness and join hands with deceivers, money-grafers, scshemers, and return to the worship of the "Golden Calf?"

I am thankful to God that we still have men among us, God"s chosen few they may be, who are great enough in honor and loyalty and the spirit of righteous independence of our fathers, who will not surrender their inalienable right to any man or power for money or any other unworthy motive.

I have been a Roman Catholic Sister thirty-one years. I prayed to God for right and a mightier power than my own, the hand of Providence, has led me out of its abominations. It will be four years on April 3d, 1916, since I left the Sisterhood and Romanism, so I am really only four years old in the world, for under the yoke of Romanism as a nun, the rule of life means bound, tied and gagged in abject slavery, a living burial, as their Religion tells us that it is being buried with Christ. **No one but those who live it can know what this burial in a Nunnery means. It is impossible to escape the inhumanizing influences behind those walls.**

Under the Church and Convent government, we have no other, and we are not allowed to read or know anything but the daily routine which makes us a part of that vast un-Christianizing and money-making machine. In this burial, as we girls believe with Christ, we are cut off from every natural and God-born privilege and right. The mental and physical faculties which cannot be entirely obliterated, become so warped by continued perversion that they fall into disuse, and, indeed **the unnaturalizing questions of St. Alfonsus Liguori's Theology are applied by the priest,** the shock to the sensitive modesty of young girls **is degrading and a living shame to mankind.**

Many who have come out of the Roman penitentiaries have spoken. Margaret Sheppard, Barbara Ubryk, Maria Monk, Edith O'Gorman and thousands of others.

Anna Lowery, ex-Priest Crowley and many others **are** speaking. **We have not known each other in the nunneries, and yet we all tell about the same awful stories.** Is this fact alone not enough as evidence of the truth?

If Protestants who wish America to remain a free country according to the United States Constitution would give themselves enough trouble to know what a menace Romanism is to America, **they would rise from the Atlantic to the Pacific and stand by the true Patriot, Honorable Thomas E. Watson.** The struggles and hardships of the race are usually borne by **God's chosen few,** and if we must suffer persecution for Justice and Emancipation, in heavens name, let's stand by the Right. God and Posterity will bless us for all time.

Most respectfully yours,
ELIZABETH SCHOFFEN,
ex-Sister Lucretia.

The following explains itself:

Dear Sir: Being a subscriber to your Magazine, an anti-Catholic, and having read with the deepest interest and approval the many parades you have made through the columns of said paper of the

Roman Catholic Hierarchy, the short comings of Cardinal Gibbons, etc., and at one time having been a near neighbor of yours (originally from the county of Greene), I am taking the liberty of dropping you a few lines, and enclosing a set of regulations, being translated from the "El Pueblo," a Mexican City newspaper, having been formulated by the Senor Nicolas Flores, Governor and Military Commandant of the State of Hidalgo, during the month of January, 1916, and still being in effect. And while it may seem a little old for publication as news, yet it may serve as data upon the above subject, as no doubt you are keeping in close touch with the situation and continuing your exhaustive study of same.

In the even that you deem the enclosure of sufficient importance for publication, you are at liberty to do so, but it is requested that the contributor's name be withheld.

Wishing you health, prosperity and longevity in order that you may continue your noble and unrelentless fight against this "curse" of all curses, which threatens to envelop our nation, and throw it into a similar chaos as that now existing, not alone in Mexico, but in Europe as well.

I am, Very truly yours,

_____.

Regulations Concerning the Functions of the Catholic Clergy, in the State of Hidalgo, (Mexico.)

Translated from the "El Pueblo," a daily periodical of Mexico City.

Brigadier General, Nicolas Flores, Governor and Military Commandant of the free and sovereign State of Hidalgo, to its inhabitants; Know ye:

That in exercise of the power invested in me by the Citizen First Chief of the Constitutional Army, in charge of the executive power of the Nation, I hereby put forth the following decree:

Article 1. The sacredotes (priests) of the Catholic creed, in the exercise of their ministrations, must conform strictly to the laws of the following regulations:

1. The chief of the municipal authorities, in each municipality of the State, will cause to be made a scrupulous inventory of all property in each of the temples, such as sculputures, objects of art, jewels, ornaments and furniture of all descriptions. This inventory shall be made in triplicate, and the municipal authorities in each case will take upon the inventory all articles that are to be used by the sacerdote in the practice of his creed. One copy will be placed in the archives of the temple, one deposited with the municipal authorities, and the other sent to the Governor of the State.

2. Each time that a sacredote (priest) in charge of a church is removed, the same formality will be observed so that there may be no infraction of the regulation.

3. The sacredotes of the Catholic creed, exercising their profession in this State, **must be native born Mexicans**, of good antecedents, and of **unimpeachable moral character.**

4. The following are strictly prohibited in the temples:

(a) **The sale of all so called "relics," candles, rosarys, medals and stamps.** This is held to be an **illicit commerce**, and as such was denounced by Jesus Christ.

(b) **Also medals claiming to have a prophylactic value against Typhus and other contagious diseases.** The sale of benches or other fixed seats is also prohibited; **as well as phials of the so-called Holy water.**

(c) For public and private welfare, **the establishment of confessionals.**

5. In the celebration of mass, no response will be made by the congregation in the temple, **neither will these responses be made in any public place.**

6. It is prohibited that the sacredotes, or members of the creed, ask for donations or alms outside the temples **for the performance of any religious acts.**

7. The sacredotes are by former laws **prohibited from appearing in the public thoroughfares in any distinction of especial clothing.** They will combine solely for the purpose of their mission, without mixing in any manner in political subjects, and will in no manner attempt to incite the people to disturb the order of the public, or to obstruct the work of the authorities.

8. The meetings of the creed will take place at the hours that will not interfere with the labors of the families, or men. The use of the bells will be regulated by the police.

9. The sacredotes will not be permitted to reside with any of the dependencies, or houses adjoining the temples.

10. Those who, in order to exploit fanaticism or ignorance of their parishoners, or by any method deceive, or attempt to provoke any scandal against the public peace will be severely punished.

11. The sacredotes will be principally responsible for the violation of the laws of reform, and the publication of this decree within and without the temple. The local authorities will be equally responsible if they do not proceed according to their own judgment, and immediately report to the Governor of the State any infraction of the law.

Article 2.

1. The particular schools, understanding by this the schools that are not supported by the public at large, will be "lay," and **entirely independent of the Temple.** Therefore, counsellar seminaries are prohibited.

Article 3.

1. Any infraction of the foregoing will be punished by a fine of not less than

twenty-five dollars ($25.00) and imprisonment.

2. This decree is in effect from the date of publication. Therefore, it is ordered that it be printed, circulated, read and complied with.

Given in the palace of Executive Power of the State, at Pachuca, on the 24th day of January, 1916.

NICOLAS FLORES.

Editorial Comment on the Foregoing by "El Pueblo."

"The foregoing decree is important to a degree that is difficult to appreciate. **The public liberties have never had, and have not at the present time, a greater enemy than the Catholic Clergy.** Wherever it dominates, the minds are enslaved by the dogmas of the creed, as well as the bodies by the tyrannies by which they are always bound. Besides, the clergy constitutes **a powerful political organization,** which is continually at battle with the forces of humanitarian progress, the violent quarrels, the wars have been made necessary by this opposition, **which has never ceased since the third century of the Roman Pontificate."**

"In Mexico the Catholic clergy have been the constant cause of our bloody battles. **It is opposed to Independence and Reform.** And we have seen that concerting with the foreigners actually **caused the death of the Mexican Nationality in 1862."**

"The Catholic Clergy of Mexico, a great majority of whom are foreigners, have labored with the undoubtable fruit of fanaticism and brutishness in the greater part of our central States. As in Jalisco, Pueblo, Queretaro, San Luis Potosi, etc., and all of these will surely follow the example of the Governor of Hidalgo, and place them under the authority of the Revolution. Being convinced that the Revolution has no greater enemy than the Catholic Clergy, principally the foreigners."

Baptists of Virginia to Appeal to President Wilson From General Funston's Ruling That Soldiers Cannot Be Told

They are "Lost Sinners."

The most striking feature of this morning's session of the general Baptist Association of Virginia, at the First Baptist Church, Westover and Moran avenue, was a paper, taking General Funston to task, introduced by Rev. R. H. Pitt, D. D., and adopted by the association in a rising vote.

Prohibition Commissioner J. Sidney Peters made an interesting address on the temperance report.

The paper of Dr. Pitt read as follows:

"The public press reports a recent incident which is of more than local and personal significance, and which deserves the notice of this body. Dr. J. B. Gambrell, a Baptist minister of high standing, and reputation, acting for the Texas Baptist State Board and for the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, recently sought a conference with General Funston, the ranking officer in charge of the U. S. soldiers in Texas on the Mexican border, with a view to securing permission for preachers, accredited by the boards named, to hold religious services among the soldiers.

"General Funston refused to see Dr. Gambrell, but sent word, through his chief of staff, that he was willing to give this permission, provided 'these preachers did not tell the men that they were lost sinners.' The substantial correctness of this report is confirmed by the published interviews with General Funston, in which he is represented as declaring that it should be remembered that the army and guard members often are composed of Catholics and Jews, or of other faiths that did not favor revivals.' All of these statements were given to the public weeks ago and thus far no correction or important modification of them has appeared. They furnish, therefore, a just basis of comment.

"We are aware of the principle that in the midst of arms the laws are silent and that we cannot hope to enjoy in a military situation all the rights and privileges which belong to the normal civic status.

"If the commanding general had declined to grant the request preferred by Dr. Gambrell on the ground that the discipline of the camp required such refusal, his action would not be open to any sound objection. But his refusal is not based upon any such ground.

Theological Censor.

"The declaration is made that if these ministers will abstain from preaching certain doctrines held by evangelical Christians, permission will be granted. Thus the major role of theological judge and censor.

"This would be an absurd situation if it were not at the same time so serious. What Dr. Gambrell was seeking was simple permission to allow the ministers to hold, within reach of the soldiers, at such time and place as the military authorities might appoint, religious services to which soldiers who chose to come might come. He certainly never dreamt of requesting that the military authorities should compel the presence at these meetings of a single soldier. The Jews and the Catholics, and the other faiths to whom the preaching of a gospel of salvation for the lost might be unacceptable, would, under the arrangement sought, be absolutely free to avoid these meetings. It is a novel and exasperating exercise of the arbitrary power of a military officer to refuse to grant all reasonable opportunities to well recom-

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To assure this, every worker receives adequate remuneration, ample protection in case of illness and provision for old age. All these personal matters are cared for so that the employe has the least possible worry regarding his own welfare. His whole-hearted attention can be devoted to serving the public.

While each employe realizes that he is but a single factor, he understands that not only is supreme personal effort expected of him, but also a loyal support to every other telephone worker.

There is something in the telephone organization which imbues every employe with a spirit of loyalty to the public. All feel a direct responsibility for each other because each recognizes that only by mutual endeavor can they render the high standard of service which is expected of them. They uphold each other's hands so that the public may be served.

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mended ministers of religion to preach to the men n camp.

"It is no answer to this to say that the government has appointed and provided chaplains who are charged with this responsibility. At best, the chaplain is a formal and official representative of religion. His appointment is only an expedient, and his services must of necessity be largely conventional. The individual rights and preferences of the private soldier are much more likely to suffer from compulsory attendance on services held by official chaplains, than by the voluntary labors of ministers whom they hear or refuse to hear as they please.

"To say the very least, the whole business of official chaplains, appointed either by civil or military authority, and paid out of public funds, is open to serious question, and beyond doubt ought to be reduced to the lowest possible limits. Wherever it is possible ministers of religion ought to be free, without interference by authorities, whether civil or military, to proclaim their message, and men ought to be free to hear or forbear.

Appeal to President.

"The request of our Home Board in Atlanta and of our State Board in Texas, preferred through Dr. Gambrell, for permission to preach to the soldiers, at such time and place as might not injure or interrupt the necessary military discipline, was reasonable, and the refusal to grant the request on the grounds given, was and remains an unwarrantable arbitrary and tyrannical exercise of authority, and against it we register our earnest protest, and we respectfully petition the President of the United States to overrule the order of General Funston and grant the permission sought by our brethren of the Texas State Board and the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

"In view of this incident and fo the importance of the whole question of government chaplaincies, and in order that our people may be fully informed, we authorize and instruct our President to appoint a committee of five to gather all available information on this subject and to report at the next meeting.'

Mr. Hutchison, the president of the association, is chairman of the committee above provided for, and they are to see President Woodrow Wilson as soon as possible.

The Baptists in Georgia and in Mississippi have adopted Resolutions similar to the foregoing.

At last, the Protestants are beginning to realize that the Pagan Idolaters have gained the upper hand in the Army, Navy, Departmental service, and in the White House. The Papal papers, throughout the United States, are jubilating over the special advantages they have enjoyed among the soldiers in the Border, and over the number of converts have been gained to Papal paganism.

President Wilson's final speech in New York City closed with the following peroration:

"This tide of humanity swelling in America is sweet with the purposes of peace; it is wholesome with the judgments of justice, and when it has come to the flood men will see that it is a great body meant to drive all the industries of the world by the pulse of heart beat of men who love the world and believe in their fellow men." [Applause.]

"Sweet with purpose," "wholesome with the judgments of justice," "meant to drive all the industries of the world by the pulse of heart beat of men who love the world."

Get out, John D.!

Go away, J. P. Morgan!

Scoot, Guggenheim!

Away with you, Schiff, Frick, Kuhn, Warburg and Belmont!

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If hereafter the Rockefellers earn billions, while their workmen starve, it will be in spite of sweet purpose, wholesome justice, and the loving heart beat of Presidents who sanctimoniously preach "sweet justice," and cynically sign damnable Acts of Congress.

In writing

"The House of Hapsburg"

Thos E. Watson used authorities, data and literature that are inaccessible to the average Student. Some of his authorities are books long out of print, therefore difficult to get.

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A Heart to Heart Talk With You!

Compelled to Advance the Price of the Jeffersonian.

The price of materials needed in the publishing of papers, magazines, and books has advanced from 100 per cent. to 200 per cent., during the last year or so.

It costs at least twice as much to run a paper or magazine, now, as it did before the European War began.

People are no doubt familiar with the facts, because all other periodicals have stated them, and have thereby explained their advance in subscription rates.

The Jeffersonian announced a few months ago, that it was $3,000 behind: I regret to say that **the sum is now nearly twice that amount;** and, in order that the business may continue, I have had to become personally responsible for it.

I am sure that our patrons and friends do not expect me to give the whole of my time and labor to the cause, and bankrupt myself, besides.

I say "the cause," and it **is** the greatest of causes, so far as journalism is concerned.

The Jeffersonian has its own message and mission; and to this service, **it has been consecrated,** from the first day of its life.

Established in the Fall of 1907, it resumed the work which **The People's Party Paper** has been doing, when forced to suspend in 1899.

It's purpose has been to advocate those **democratic principles** which were taught in the school of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and Alexander H. Stephens.

To this creed, it has been absolutely loyal, regardless of the ebb, and flow of partisan politics.

It has furnished the people with an educational literature which was consistent, thorough, independent, and honest.

It has had no axe to grind and no personal, selfish object in view. On the contrary, it has claimed and held the sustained and disinterested labor, **for nine years,** of one publican, to whom it has been a labor of love to devote himself to it, in the hope that the work might live and prosper in the lives of his fellow men—especially of those young men who are preparing themselves to take your place, and mine, in the ever-changing procession.

Our American world is not what it was, when you and I were young.

The Civil War produced new conditions which are just beginning to be understood, AND FELT.

How many of our statesmen, in 1866, realized that Immigration had been enormously stimulated by the Civil War; and that, as the various races of continental Europe poured in upon us, **the complexion of the population would change?**

In the "Madison Letters," which I have incorporated in the new "Handbook of Politics and Economics," the prediction was made, just before the war—while the Know Nothings were strong—that the consequences of unrestricted Immigration would revolutionize our national conditions to such an extent, **that the Catholic Church and the Foreign Element would control our Government, AND DECIDE OUR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.**

Read the signs of the times, and see for yourself how true that Madison prophecy was.

In the recent campaign between Wilson and Hughes, there was almost nothing said about the **American** vote.

The attention of the managers on both sides, was riveted to the **German** vote, the **Irish** vote, and the **Catholic** vote.

Is it not so?

Having recognized these facts, years ago, I have been toiling earnestly and unweariedly to stamp upon the minds of those who will pay any attention to me, **the vital necessity of being true to those DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES** upon which our forefathers built this Republic.

If this be not done, **our destiny will take us to MILITARY DESPOTISM,** and the **UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE!**

This has been the doom of all Republics, excepting the Swiss Confederation.

Gigantic steps have already been made in this country toward the concentration of all power, **in Washington City;** the concentration of all wealth, **in a Privileged Aristocracy;** and the concentration of religious-political control, **in the Roman Catholic Church.**

The contest between Wilson and Hughes, was not a contest of principles.

Each of these two candidates stood for the same system of laws and government. They differed, in matters of **detail and policy,** not otherwise.

Neither of them dared to express opposition to Tariff monopolies, the National Bank monopoly, the Transportation monopolies, the Stock Exchange robberies, the Standing Army, and the rapid encroachments of political Romanism.

Did you hear of a word being said, by either Hughes or Wilson, **in behalf of our endangered American wage-earner,** who is being **SWAMPED AND STARVED OUT,** by the hosts of foreign pauper labor?

Did you see anything, from either Wilson or Hughes, in defense of our Public Schools, our Free Press, Free Speech, and other **Protestant principles?**

Both the big parties—Democratic and Republicans—used to praise the Public Schools, **as the seminaries of democracy and patriotism,** but they no longer do so. Why not? Because Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland objected to it, as an "insult" to the "Catholic vote."

The only Presidential candidate this year whose speeches were worth two straws, was Allen Benson, the Socialist.

His voice was manfully raised for robust **Americanism**—his alone.

I am no Socialist, as you well know, and am not going to be, but it is in me to respect A Man, wherever one shows up; and the real Presidential **man,** in this campaign, was Benson.

Do you feel interested in the work I have been doing, against class-legislation, lawmental wrongs, rotten politics and heartless Money Rule?

Do you care for the seven-year fight that I have made in the effort to arouse the country to the tremendous gains of popery—a diabolical system which has been the curse of humanity and the blight of nations?

If so, DO SOMETHING!

Aid us to increase our circulation. We **must** make tongue and buckle meet, or we are lost.

I cannot, myself, give much more of my own money and credit.

If 5,000 of the 56,000 subscribers would send their P. O. orders for $5 each, I will put their names upon a **ROLL OF HONOR,** with the following choice of privileges:

(1) To be entered for 5 years to **either** The Weekly Jeffersonian, or to the Magazine; or

(2) To be entered 3 years for **both** the weekly paper and the monthly Magazine; or

(3) To receive, postpaid, that amount—$5.—in any of the books we publish; or

(4) To enter on our lists, for a year's subscription, to either the Weekly or the Magazine, names of 5 persons; or

(5) To be moved up 1 year, on the subscription list of **either** the Weekly or the Monthly and get the balance—$4.—in any of our books and pamphlets; or

(6) To be moved up 1 year on **both** the Weekly and the Monthly, and to get the balance—$3.—in any of our books and pamphlets.

This is not asking something for nothing: it is a bid for your **co-operation,** with value received to you.

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